

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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Ready Every Friday 2d.

WHERE DO THE BIRDS GO?

TRAVELLING AFTER 700 YEARS

MOVING A BRITISH QUEEN IN FRANCE

New Tomb for Wife of Richard the Lion-Hearted

NO REST FOR THE PHARAOHS

For seven centuries Berengaria of Navarre, who was wife and queen of our Richard Coeur de Lion, has lain in her quiet tomb in the cathedral of Le Mans, her birthplace and the scene of her death.

Now, in order to admit of the erection of a memorial to priests of the diocese who fell in the war, the ashes of the great lady have had to be removed. They have been transferred from their ancient mausoleum in the south transept of the cathedral to a new tomb in the north transept.

Had such an event occurred in the time of the mighty Richard, England would have been taxed to the bone and her manhood enrolled to lay all France waste with fire and sword. But times have changed, and men think differently and more wisely today.

British Kings Who Rest Abroad

Richard himself found a grave in the land he so often harried. His gigantic energies expired in battle there, and his bones were laid to rest in the Abbey of Fontevault, where repose his father and mother, our Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine; and whither came Isabel of Angoulême, wife of Richard's villainous brother John.

In course of time the body of Richard, so proud and powerful, was lost, mislaid like a forgotten package of merchandise.

For the famous abbey was pillaged during the French Revolution, and to preserve the tombs the priests hid the effigies which marked their site. The burial-place of the haughty Plantagenets became a prison, and not until 1910, when the old building was restored by pious architects, were the forgotten bodies of the great Crusader and his kindred rescued from ignominy amid overlying mounds of debris.

Strange Travels of a Ruler

But we have seen a stranger thing than that. We have had the body of a king brought back to us after it had lain for seven centuries in the country of those by whom it was stolen.

While the mould was fresh upon the grave of Richard the English wrung Magna Carta from his successor, John. A French army under the Dauphin, afterwards Louis VIII, was in England at the time, summoned by our barons to help in opposing John.

They raided the eastern counties. They visited Bury St. Edmunds, or St. Edmundsbury, as it was called, and stole the body of the king from which the place takes its name.

St. Edmund, the last king of the East Angles, was shot to death with arrows

Princess Mary Takes a Ride



Princess Mary, who is a very skilful horsewoman, is exceedingly fond of open-air exercise, and here we see her about to go for an early morning gallop

by the conquering Danes in 870 because he would not forsake Christianity.

The French took him from his 300-years-old tomb, carried him to Paris in 1219, and transferred his remains to Toulouse, where they remained until 1902; then, through the intercession of the Pope, the body of the sainted king was once more disinterred, and brought back to England to be laid in the Roman Catholic cathedral of Westminster.

Truly there is no certainty as to what shall be the last resting-place of departed greatness. Columbus, dead, has travelled in his coffin from burial place to burial place almost as far as he travelled during life in the little ships which made his name immortal; and the great Swedenborg lay in a London grave for 136 years before national sentiment, in 1908, called his remains back to his native Sweden.

Multitudes of patriotic Frenchmen will, in the course of the next few weeks, file past the tomb of Napoleon. It is 100 years since he died, but only 80 years since he was laid to rest in his immense tomb of red granite in the Invalides, Paris.

He died, as we all know, on his prison island of St. Helena, and there from

1821 until 1840 he lay beneath the flag of the nation which had conquered him.

There are living relics in the world today of the far-off St. Helena grave. A willow tree was planted on it and waxed great. Cuttings were brought to England and planted in the vicarage of Gosfield, in Essex, and from the resultant tree slips were planted in the grounds at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Sandringham.

When the Prince of Wales was in New Zealand last year he saw the River Waikato lined with noble willows. These, also, were from slips of the tree from Napoleon's island tomb.

Quite recently the C.N. told how the remains of the Emperor Pedro II of Brazil and his empress were taken back to Brazil from Portugal, where they had rested for thirty years.

The outstanding instance of the removal of kingly remains is that of the Pharaohs. After building huge sepulchres like the pyramids for the safe housing of their bodies when they died, and having their remains carefully embalmed, they were later removed from their wonderful tombs, carried about from pillar to post, and now find a place in museums and exhibitions.

PIECE OF A CLIFF DOES IT PROVE ENGLAND IS SINKING?

A Fall of 200 Feet Since Little Treasure Island Began

THE MIGHTY CONTINENT DROWNED IN THE SEA

A strange correspondence has been taking place between a professor who lives in Yorkshire and a gentleman in Newfoundland.

The Newfoundlander read in an English newspaper that this Yorkshire professor had described a piece of cliff which in his opinion had stretched from England to America.

Much interested, the Newfoundlander looked about him and discovered just such a piece of cliff on his side of the Atlantic. Accordingly he knocked a piece of this cliff into a bag, packed it up, and sent it across the Atlantic Ocean to the gentleman in Yorkshire. That piece of cliff, in its journey, passed over the vast continent of Atlantis, buried beneath the deep, blue waters of the Atlantic.

Links in the Chain

For it now seems certain that before the dawn of history there was land where now the deep Atlantic flows, land of which England and Scotland formed the tail and America the gigantic and mountainous head—a huge continent, bearing a civilisation older than anything of which we possess the remotest vestige.

Imagine what this means. The knowledge that was before Archimedes, the wisdom that was before Plato, the commerce that was before Babylon, dropping out of earth's history in a moment of time, gone, leaving not a wrack behind.

The professor in Yorkshire is now quite certain about it: his cliff and the cliff in Newfoundland are not distant relatives, but one and the same piece of Mother Earth. They are identical in their composition.

Hills Become Valleys

He tells us one most interesting fact. England is 200 feet lower than she used to be. She has fallen 200 feet toward the sea since she began her eventful history, 200 feet down into the ooze of the water that surrounds her. Some of her hills must have been mountains; the lowest of her valleys were once hills.

Is a day coming when "Little Treasure Island" will sink in the midst of the ocean, and Atlantic waves bubble and froth over the hills where Wordsworth talked to Lakeland shepherds? Must we suppose that the cottage path to Ann Hathaway's cottage in Shottery St. Mary will one day lie at the bottom of the deep, blue sea, with ships sailing over it?

It is possible. But no one is yet building a raft to save his wife and children, and even Sir Eric Geddes has no plans for a Noah's ark. We need not be anxious. Our Motherland still floats. England's head is still above water.

AFTER FIFTEEN CENTURIES JEWISH SANHEDRIM TO BE REVIVED

Famous Council that Tried
Jesus and Paul

BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL WORK IN PALESTINE

The Jewish Sanhedrim is to be revived, under British protection, after being abolished for fifteen hundred years.

This famous body, which consisted of 71 members, was the supreme council of the Jewish nation in and before the time of Jesus, and is constantly referred to in the New Testament. Both Jesus and Paul were brought before it, and so powerful was the body that even Herod had to appear in its presence to answer for his conduct, as Josephus tells us.

The Sanhedrim not only tried important prisoners, but it decided whether a war with any nation, as contemplated by the king, should be waged, and also determined whether the boundaries of the city and the precincts of the temple should be enlarged. In fact, it largely fulfilled the functions of the British Parliament; the London County Council, and the Houses of Convocation.

Council's Splendid Ideals

In many ways it was a humane institution. It laid down the splendid principles that no one could be tried in his absence, and that till he was proved guilty he was innocent. Of course, it sometimes sadly departed from this high ideal, but the principles were very enlightened.

According to Jewish tradition the Sanhedrim was founded by Moses when he appointed 70 elders to assist him in the governing of the people, as described in the Bible in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Numbers.

The historical books of the Bible and the prophets are silent about it, and possibly it was in abeyance for a long time, but we find the Sanhedrim in existence in Alexander the Great's time, and, though it was dissolved later, it was revived, and had great power in the time of Jesus, as we know from the story of the Gospels.

A British Nehemiah

After the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans its seat was moved from place to place, and it finally settled at Tiberias, but after its last president, Gamaliel the Sixth, was executed in 425 for building new synagogues contrary to the imperial decree, the Council became extinct.

Now, under the beneficent rule of Britain, the famous Sanhedrim is to be revived in Jerusalem. A great congress of rabbis has been meeting there to set up the council, and the speech of Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner, at the opening has been likened to the great appeal of Nehemiah when the Jews returned from Babylon and started a Sanhedrim.

Napoleon's Failure

Napoleon made an attempt to set up a Sanhedrim in 1807, when he summoned 54 rabbis and 27 laymen to meet at Paris, but this did not last very long, and the conqueror's plan was a failure.

Let us hope that the great council to meet in Jerusalem will be more successful, and that it will be a wise and enlightened body to order the destinies of the ancient people whose supreme ruling body it will be in all matters that concern faith and national welfare.

What a wonderful and romantic event this is, that the famous Council of Jewish Fathers, so often referred to in the New Testament should appear once again in the twentieth century, and that its revival should be due entirely to the work of the British nation.

HOPE OF THE FUTURE 48 Nations Now in the League

C.N.'S £200 SCHEME
FOR READERS

In last week's C.N. we gave pictures of the people belonging to all the 48 countries that are now in the League of Nations, and £200 was offered to readers who could identify the nationalities.

Here is the complete list of nations in the League at the present time:

Albania	Finland	Panama
Argentina	France	Paraguay
Austria	Greece	Persia
Australia	Guatemala	Peru
Belgium	Haiti	Poland
Bolivia	Holland	Portugal
Brazil	Honduras	Rumania
Bulgaria	India	Salvador
Canada	Italy	Siam
Chile	Japan	South Africa
China	Jugo Slavia	Spain
Colombia	Liberia	Sweden
Costa Rica	Luxembourg	Switzerland
Cuba	New Zealand	United Kingdom
Czecho-Slovakia	Nicaragua	Uruguay
Denmark	Norway	Venezuela

The hope of the world for a peaceful future depends upon the success of the League, and it is important that we should all know the nations which are members.

The representative types of all these League nations have been collected from all over the world at great trouble and expense, and if you have not secured a copy of last week's C.N. ask your news-agent to get you a copy at once.

The £200 League examination does not end till the first week in April, so that you have time to enter for it now.

SPOILING FOOTBALL

Unworthy Canker that Kills
True Sport

Blessed is the man who invents a good game. But he is rarely known. All the best games seem to have grown up gradually.

If a man rose up and invented an entirely new game as good as cricket or football, or golf or bowls, he ought to have a statue in Parliament Square.

But if that is what the inventor of a good game deserves, what can we think of men who spoil a fine game we already have? What punishment do they deserve? Yet there is a chance of football being spoiled as other fine sports have been spoiled before now—that is, by betting.

Rowing is a splendid, manly sport, but professional rowing was spoiled by betting, and has almost disappeared. Running is the simplest and one of the most exciting of all competitive games, but professional running was ruined and has almost disappeared through the same fatal canker. When betting comes in and takes possession true sport always withers away.

The reason why this happens is clear. When men cease to play a game for its own sake—that is, for the honour of victory—and play it for gain, you can never be sure they will do their best. Somebody will pay them to lose, and then the game is destroyed.

Money is a corrupter of all true games. The genuine spirit of sport, for the honour of victory, is the complete opposite of play regulated so that somebody may get somebody else's money corruptly.

And there is grave reason for fearing that the canker of corruption has already been introduced into football by the betting that now accompanies it.

Whoever loves true sport, which is one of the healthiest joys of the British character, will hate betting as its worst enemy, for it paralyses every game into which it can creep.

SAD NEWS FROM THE ZOO

ELEPHANT GROWS SULKY

Are the Animals on Strike?

POWERFUL CREATURES THAT
PINE FOR THEIR FRIENDS

The Zoo has two fine Indian elephants, but they are both in disgrace.

Lucky, an old favourite, upon whose broad back hundreds of children have ridden, took an unauthorised gallop last year, played havoc, and was declared unsafe for passenger work any more.

That brought into special prominence Indarancee, a beauty who arrived last summer from India as the gift of the Maharajah of Cooh Behar. She carried her loads of laughing youngsters as placidly as some plump, gigantic horse.

But in those days she had an old friend with her. The Indian mahout who had long ridden her came to the Zoo with her, and all was perfect peace so long as he remained. He returned to India two months ago, and Indarancee has not been the same creature since.

Elephant's Broken Heart

She pines for the man she had learned to love, and although her English keeper is an expert and can address her in Hindustani, she heeds him not. She sulks. She does not obey his orders. She shows temper in a mild way, and it is thought that she may not be dependable for a riding animal this year.

That is sad when we remember that Indarancee's little tantrums spring from grief at the loss of a human friend, but the case is not without parallel. Eighteen years ago the Zoo exported to America a famous favourite in Jingo, an Indian elephant which had shown signs of becoming dangerous. The English keeper accompanied the animal to Liverpool, and all went well till he left it. Then it at once refused to eat. It mourned for its human comrade from the Zoo, and died at sea, "of a broken heart," as those who had it in keeping reported.

Monster that is Easily Scared

King George did not ride an elephant in the royal procession when he went to India ten years ago. The natives were rather shocked at this departure from custom, but one of their leaders explained to them in their own language.

"An elephant," he said, "is a most unreliable animal. A big crowd, or the terrifying boom of a gun, or a sudden fit of temper, will make him lose his head, and thus jeopardise human life." Then the natives thanked their King Emperor for dispensing with such a means of transport.

GIANT OF THE AIR

Sad Blow for British Airmen

Signor Caproni, the Italian designer of the giant aeroplanes that bear his name, has just completed a leviathan of the air capable of carrying 100 people.

This huge machine is a seaplane, and the main body, or boat, is 66 feet in length, while the supporting surfaces are three sets of triplanes, with a total area of 7150 square feet.

Eight engines, developing in all more than 3000 horse-power, provide the motive power, although it will be possible for the machine to fly with much less than this, keeping a good deal of power in reserve. It is a wonderful machine, with fine cabins.

While we have the news of progress in Italy civil aviation in England has received a hard blow.

The last of the regular British air services between London and Paris, that of the Handley Page Transport, has ceased operating, it being impossible to compete with the cheap rates charged by the subsidised French air transport companies.

Picture on page 12

THE TYRANTS OF MOSCOW

Great Country Writhing
in Pain

CRUSHING OUT LIBERTY

The workers of Russia have broken out into armed revolt against the cruel tyranny that has brought red ruin into the land.

As a result there has been more fierce fighting and stern repression by the self-elected tyrants who control the army and hold the people in a state of slavery unknown in any other place.

The true state of the country is plainly described in an appeal sent forth to the world by the American Federation of Labour. They say:

Let the Soviet savages know what the Labour of the civilised world thinks of their bestial system. After tricking Labour into supporting the Soviet régime Trotsky and Lenin began to carry out their threat to exterminate the leaders of the Labour and Peasant parties.

There has probably never been in modern times, or in any country, a more ruthless persecution or slaughter of trade unionists than that now taking place in Russia. As far as possible, under ruthless tyranny, organised labour in Russia is everywhere in full revolt, and doing all it can to reach the hearts and minds of labouring humanity in all countries.

Call for Real Liberty

What the Russian workers ask for is that there shall be a freely elected Parliament representing the wishes of the whole of the Russian people.

That is a state of things existing in every other civilised land. It is refused by the little knot of tyrants who rule from Moscow; and who at the same time demand the right of carrying their pernicious beliefs into all other countries.

They will not even enter into an agreement to trade with Great Britain unless she gives them a free hand in spreading the poison of their beliefs beyond their own boundaries in Asia.

Meantime, these Russian Bolsheviks are joining with the Turks in crushing liberty out of existence in Georgia and Armenia, ancient lands that were free and prosperous when Russia was a land of heathen savages.

Only Russia can redeem herself; but the way is long and is strewn with horrors infinitely worse than anything known when autocratic Tsars held rule.

FRENCH UNIVERSITY IN LONDON

Splendid Work of a Clever Girl

In the West End of London, in Cromwell Gardens, a branch of a French university, linked with the University of Lille, has just been formed under the title L'Institut Français.

There French and English boys and girls can be educated together under conditions similar to education in France. It is an excellent idea that ought to have been carried out long ago.

That it now has been adopted with good hopes of firm and lasting success is due to the persistent energy of a French girl who, eleven years ago, set herself the task of linking England and France together by the strong bond of education.

She has worked and worked till now her task is completed, with the warm approval of the educational and political authorities of both nations.

Both nations hail Madame d'Orliac-Bohn as a benefactor.

THE TIME THAT FLIES

A professor of Copenhagen University announces that he has discovered how to measure so short a time as the one thousandth part of a millionth of a second. Such a small period is of course quite beyond our comprehension.

WHERE DO THE BIRDS GO?

TRACING THEIR JOURNEYS FROM LAND TO LAND

The Little Ring on the Leg

NINETY THOUSAND BIRDS MARKED

The birds have now started on their great migrations, and a missionary who writes from Hebron Mission Station, Swaziland, via Osholk, Transvaal, in appreciation of the C.N. encloses a clipping from a South African newspaper, *The Farmer's Weekly*, which has an article bearing on the subject.

It tells how a swallow caught at Lake Chrissie, in the Eastern Transvaal, had on its leg a ring marked "Witherby, High Holborn, London. Inform", and how Mr. Witherby, being duly informed, replied that the ring had been put on the bird when it was a nestling, in Stirlingshire, Scotland, the year before it was caught.

All our readers, young and old, should know of Mr. Witherby and the work he and his friends are doing in trying to trace the wanderings of birds.

Mr. Witherby is the editor of "British Birds," and for the last ten years he and his readers have been placing identification marks on wild birds, and receiving reports from those who have found them, often in far-distant lands.

The Tell-Tale Ring

If you should find a bird lying dead in the fields, or catch one that has been injured, and there is a rubber ring round its leg bearing a number and the words "Witherby, High Holborn, London. Inform," you will know it is one of his nestlings. And you should help in this search for knowledge by writing to Mr. Witherby, giving him full particulars.

How long do birds live? Which of them are faithful to us all the year, and which are sun-worshippers, who, when autumn comes, fly away after the sunshine? Where do they go?

It is to assist in gathering such knowledge that Mr. Witherby and his helpers have put rings on the legs of 90,000 birds, and have received news of the later whereabouts of 2500 of them.

Still, a great deal more information about the habits of birds is needed before our tracing of the migratory flight of different kinds of birds can be relied on.

Birds that Cross the Seas

For instance, some individual birds of the same kind migrate and some do not. Some remain all the year round in the same neighbourhood, and others change their quarters within Great Britain; while, again, others cross the sea. It is so with thrushes, robins, and starlings. Some are stay-at-homes and some are travellers.

Some of the visiting birds are clearly traced, as, for instance, swallows and cuckoos. They go to Africa; but whether to the same district every year is not certain. What is certain is that they come back to the same nesting-place in England, and often to the same nest.

The blackbird is the most constant to an English home all the year round, according to the reports. Of 21 nestlings ringed 15 remained in their birthplace, and only six went a-roaming.

Learning Nature's Secrets

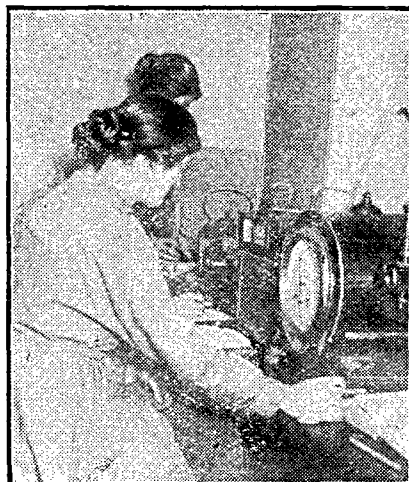
Of 24 song thrushes ringed as nestlings in England and Scotland, and reported on in the following winter, 12 remained at home, and the others wandered in different directions, news of them having come from various parts of England and from the Isle of Man, Ireland, France, and Spain.

In fact, many birds seem to wander with no definite direction attracting them, and one of the advantages of collecting many facts is that in the future more will be known of the birds that stay with us, those that scatter with no strong impulse guiding them, and those that migrate, often in flocks, to a fixed destination before spreading themselves about.

SCIENCE FOR THE HOME



Preparing Household Dishes on Scientific Lines



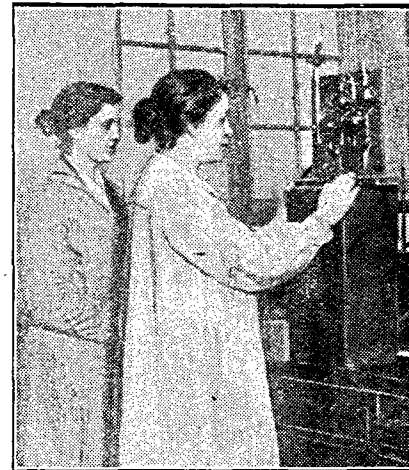
Examining the Heat Value of Various Fuels



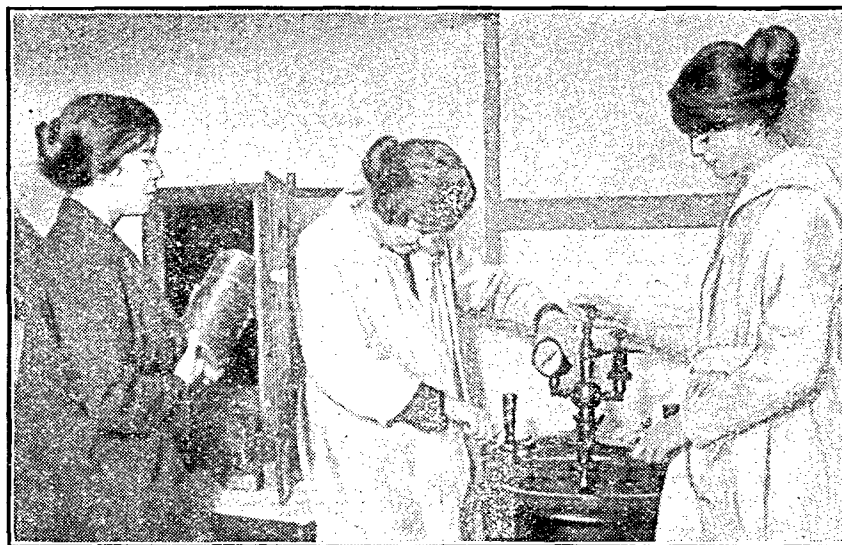
Analysing Foods in the Laboratory



Cooking According to the Latest Scientific Knowledge



A Girl Student Testing the Quality of Gas



Students at Work on the Germ Incubators

Science is more and more being brought to bear upon the home, and in these pictures we see some of the girl students of King's College for Women in London doing various kinds of practical scientific work in connection with household matters

PLANTS AND THEIR HEALTH

DISEASE IN FIELD AND GARDEN

Professors Working Out the Laws of an Old Monk

IMPROVING WHEAT AND POTATOES

Just as boys and girls have scarlet fever and measles and everybody may have influenza, so plants have diseases.

The resemblance between the diseases of mankind and the diseases of plants becomes apparent when it is remembered that human afflictions are often caused by bacteria, which are microscopic vegetables just as fungus and mildew are, though these are larger.

Now, we do not yet know, and are a long way from knowing, why some people are born more able to resist certain diseases than other people are; though we believe that everybody who has had a disease once is more able to resist a second onslaught of it.

Inherited Disease

But we do vaguely recognise that some people seem more likely to have lung diseases than others, and that gout or rheumatism even runs in families, so that, without knowing quite what it means, we think of the likelihood to suffer from certain diseases—or the power to resist them—as being a sort of family trait which may be passed on from father or mother to daughter or son.

One disease—known as haemophilia, or the danger of bleeding at little or no provocation—is known to pass from mother to son even if the mother herself never has it; but this is a rare and exceptional case. The inheritance of a tendency to suffer from any human disease is really an unsolved problem.

Breeding Wheat

It is otherwise with plants, and some of the plants which have been experimented on by the scientific plant-breeders have shown a way by which some day we may be able to find what is the likelihood that we shall catch or avoid diseases. For a long time experiments have been made by Professor Biffen on wheat, and he has worked on what are known as the Laws of Inheritance, described sixty years ago by a monk named Mendel.

We should take too long in explaining what all these laws are, but we will select one thing that comes out of them. It is that if you breed anything, animals or plants, for one generation after another there will always be some qualities which will remain fixed in some of the offspring. Having found the offspring that have these fixed qualities you can breed from them again, and go on getting more and more offspring which will have these qualities.

Improving Food Plants

Thus, if you find a kind of wheat which does not suffer from rust or mildew, then, by careful breeding of this wheat with other varieties which may not be so strong to begin with as the rust-resisting wheat, you can raise up more and more wheat offspring which will have the necessary strength of resistance.

This kind of careful breeding is being applied to several food plants. It has been applied most successfully to wheat, where, by mingling together a Russian wheat named Little Joss with a favourite English wheat called Square Head's Master, a new wheat has been got which is as fruitful as the English wheat and as rust-resisting as the Russian. The same sort of thing is being done with potatoes and hops.

The problems, however, are not all worked out. In one way they may be said to be beginning, because some believe that, just as you can lower a man's resistance to the germ of influenza by letting him catch a chill, so in a wet, unhealthy soil a plant may catch mildew.

HIGH PRICES IN THE JUNGLE

A QUESTION FOR THE BIG CHIEF

Savages Who Complain of the Cost of Living

GOING 10,000 MILES TO ESCAPE TAXES

Thirteen people from England, including little toddling children, are on a 10,000 miles' pilgrimage to Marquesas Islands to found a British settlement there under the French flag.

Others are to follow them, and they all hope to escape the taxation and heavy cost of living that war has brought upon the Old World.

Taxation they may avoid, but higher cost of living will affect every single thing that has to reach even those favoured islands in far-away Polynesia.

For the effects of the war are world-wide. They touch the pockets of every civilised creature, and they influence the daily affairs of savages.

Rapid communication makes the world one today. The Eskimo pays a higher price for the weapons and supplies derived from white men; the black people of the tropics find that their life, once so easy, is easy no more in the presence of an ascending scale of charges for all they need, not only in commerce with the agents of civilisation, but in dealings between themselves.

Black Chief's Complaint

Congoland, the great territory through which runs the mighty African river from which it derives its name, is still a territory of mystery and darkness for the greater part of the world which has been fighting; but war, in terms of money, has cast its shackling influence upon the dusky natives there.

An American traveller has revealed in the Times how the truth of the matter came surprisingly to him.

He was journeying through Congoland with Monsieur Louis Franck, the Belgian Colonial Minister, and, far away in the interior, met a gathering of 30 leading chiefs. One of them made a long speech indignantly protesting against the high cost of calico and salt.

Hissing the Big Chief

The white men, turning from the chiefs, went their way, but they had not gone far when they heard a great shouting and hissing. Turning, they saw to their surprise a thousand native women, who were hooting and pointing their fingers at the Belgian official.

An explanation was immediately demanded, and as quickly furnished by a stalwart woman, who said to the interpreter:

"Ask the Big Chief (the Minister) why the franc buys so little now. We get only a few yards for a lot of money!"

There in Central Africa the same question of high costs and small values was as disturbing and provoking a problem to primitive savages as to the people of Brussels, London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and New York. Indeed, if these able people of the wilds escape our house shortage and absence of building materials, they yet experience hardship in their domestic concerns.

African Brides More Expensive

A native of the Congo, before he can make the lady of his choice his bride, must present payments to the lady's parents. Formerly a gift of 50 francs was a sufficient consideration, but now, the purchasing power of money having so declined in the gloomy wilds, the black lover must pay his prospective father-in-law a sum of 200 francs before he can claim his bride.

The new colonists who have deserted London for the Marquesas Islands will find that they need produce and materials from the outer world, and the heightened world tariff will cost them two or three times the price the islanders paid before nations went to war with nations.

THE GREAT EMPIRE GAME

WILL ENGLAND REGAIN THE ASHES?

Visit of the Australians Next Month

A GLORIOUS FIGHT IN PROSPECT

By Our Athletic Correspondent

England has lost the famous Ashes, and Australia, in winning all five Test Matches, has created a new record in Test Match history.

She has also now drawn level with England, each country having won 40 matches, while 19 have been drawn. When, therefore, Australia and England meet in the First Test Match, to be played at Nottingham rather more than two months hence, on May 28, 29, and 30, it will be the hundredth time the two countries have met.

Could the stage be set better for the resumption of these great games which have done so much to draw the Dominions to the Mother Country, who taught them all they know?

The Chivalrous Spirit

I had a letter from an Australian friend a day or two ago. The following extract from it is eloquent of the fine spirit which has made cricket the great Empire game we all so proudly cherish. He says:

Hobbs is, of course, tremendously popular with the crowd because he is such a trier and such a master. In addition, he has more than once shown the most chivalrous spirit. The other day, in the Third Test Match, at Adelaide, after Kellaway had been batting nearly two days in great heat (the thermometer was over 100° in the shade), and, with Armstrong, had turned the tide definitely in favour of Australia, Hobbs said to him, "You must be jolly tired, Charlie," and Kellaway said, "Well, I am a bit, Jack." Hobbs said: "Well, I wouldn't mind how tired I was if only I could have done for my side what you have done for Australia." That is the spontaneous utterance of a sportsman.

Not Down-hearted

Now, is England down-hearted at the failure of this M.C.C. side? There is only one answer: Of course she is not! Our defeats, inflicted upon us by one of the greatest sides—possibly the greatest side—that has ever represented Australia, are the best thing that could have happened to us.

They make us realise that in these war-tried, young Overseas brothers of ours we have foemen worthy of the greatest of English cricketing traditions. We look around and see that we still have Hobbs, prince of living batsmen, and young Jack Hearn, Hendren, Woolley, and Russell.

All these men will be playing for us again during the coming summer, but we need some new bowlers—need them badly—and one or two sturdy batsmen.

The Hundredth Match

I think we have them. A. P. F. Chapman, the Cambridge "colt," and G. T. S. Stevens, from Oxford, are both Test Match cricketers. Chapman is not only a beautiful batsman, but he is also the finest out-field in England; Stevens can both bat and bowl, and he is a fine fieldsman, too. Then we have Donald Knight, R. H. Spooner, George Gunn, and Mead, Lee of Middlesex, and the Yorkshiremen Holmes and Sutcliffe; all these men are glorious batsmen. The great Barnes heads the list of our bowlers, who may also include M. Falcon, Norfolk; Jack White, Bucks, the fastest bowler in England; W. E. Hazelton, Bucks, a very fine medium-paced bowler; and V. C. W. Jupp; and there are others.

Australians are under no illusions that they are going to have an easy time to retain the Ashes with such men as these fighting for England. Yes, that hundredth match between England and Australia at Nottingham should be worth seeing!

THE SILENT SEA

Penguin Seizes the Professor's Apparatus

DIVING WITHOUT A SOUND

We do not usually associate silence with the sea. In fact, if we want to illustrate a continuous roaring sound, such as that made by a mob, we usually describe it as being like the sea.

Yet Sir William Bragg, Professor of Physics in the University of London, tells us that in striking contrast with the land the sea is very silent. He is, of course, speaking of the depths of the sea, whereas when we talk of the roaring sea we refer to the waves breaking on shore.

The inhabitants of the sea, says Professor Bragg, are quiet in their movements. Fishes swim in a medium which floats them. When they move they do not strike a succession of blows as land animals must do when their feet fall on the ground; nor is there anything to correspond to the rapid beating of the air by the wings of birds and insects.

This subject of the silent sea is dealt with in a very fascinating manner in *The World of Sound*, published at 6s. by G. Bell & Son. The book, which is well illustrated, consists of the six lectures delivered to boys and girls by Sir William Bragg at the Royal Institution in London, and from beginning to end it reads like a fairy tale.

The professor tells of a recent experiment at the Zoo, when observers were stationed round a tank into which were lowered very delicate listening instruments. Fish were thrown in by a keeper, and diving birds went in after them. Not a sound was audible as the birds darted about underneath the water, except when one or two very small air bubbles, carried down by the feathers, came to the surface and burst.

The only really exciting noise was made when a penguin mistook the listening apparatus for food, and bit hard.

LOCOMOTIVE & ITS CHILD

Baby Engine that Helps the Express

Big, heavy express trains that leave the terminus stations are often helped off by a small locomotive at the back of the train, which drops away as soon as the express engine has got up speed.

Wonderful new locomotives are now being built which have a tiny auxiliary engine, known as a booster, mounted on the trailing wheel axle.

The booster engine is geared so that it has relatively great power when the engine is moving slowly. It is really like the first speed on a car, used only for starting-up.

As soon as the train gets under weigh the booster engine is automatically thrown out of gear, and the giant engine pulls the train unaided.

ELECTRIC FRUIT-PICKER

Speeding Up in the Orchard

The work of picking fruit from the ground after it has been shaken from the tree may now be carried out by a small, portable machine, the invention of a Californian fruit-grower, which gathers the fruit up in pockets placed at intervals on a canvas belt revolving over rollers.

The fruit is carried into a canvas chute, whence it falls into a bucket fastened to the operator's leg.

The belt is motor-driven, power being obtained from a generator on a truck.

ALUMINIUM AEROPLANE

Ten Tons at 130 Miles an Hour

A huge aeroplane constructed entirely of aluminium has been recently successfully tested; it carries eighteen passengers and the crew, and the aluminium wings have a spread of 174 feet.

Everything in the aeroplane, except, of course, the engine, is made of aluminium, and the weight is ten tons.

Four engines, of a thousand horsepower in all, enable the new giant to fly at a speed of 130 miles an hour.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

THE NAPOLEON WHO NEVER RULED

Penniless Boy Who Achieved Fame

GREATEST MUSICIAN OF ALL TIME

March 20. Duke of Reichstadt born, Paris . . . 1811
21. Bach, musical composer, born, Eisenach . . . 1685
22. Van Dyck, artist, born at Antwerp . . . 1599
23. Paul, Tsar of Russia, assassinated . . . 1801
24. Longfellow died at Cambridge, U.S.A. . . 1882
25. Last Scottish Parliament met, Edinburgh 1707
26. Beethoven died at Vienna 1827

The Duke of Reichstadt

Few people know now who once had the title Duke of Reichstadt.

It was borne by a young man who died at the age of 21 in 1832—Francis Joseph Charles Napoleon, the son of the great Napoleon.

Napoleon's highest ambition was to establish in France a great imperial dynasty. With that aim in view he married Maria Louise, Archduchess of Austria, who never loved him. But when this boy was born it seemed as if his father's ambition might come true.

The lad was four years old when Napoleon was overthrown by Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia, and abdicated in favour of his little son. But the victorious nations would not let the boy reign, and his mother took him to her home in Vienna, while Napoleon was sent a captive to Elba.

Next year Napoleon fought again, but was defeated finally at Waterloo. Mother and child had remained in Austria. Once more the Powers decided that the young Napoleon should never reign, and they gave him the title of Duke of Reichstadt.

He was a weakly but headstrong youth, living a sad, short life that spoke of the unsatisfied ambition of his father.

In French history he is called Napoleon II, though he never really reigned.

Johann Sebastian Bach

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, one of the greatest of the world's musicians, came of a family famous for generations as musicians.

In the part of Germany where they lived so many of the Bachs were musicians that their family name came to be used for musicians—that is, groups of people who played instruments and sang were called Bachs, though there may have been no Bachs among them.

Johann Sebastian was a music-lover from his youth. When he was a boy he used any money he could save to go to Hamburg and hear a noted organist.

Once, when returning penniless and hungry, he sat down outside an inn, and someone threw out two herring-heads. Johann picked them up, and found in each a ducat. Taking the money so strangely thrown to him, he turned right-about, and walked back to Hamburg to hear more music.

Later, he became a famous organist in Weimar and in Leipzig, and a composer of magnificent sacred music that has been extending his fame more and more to the present day. He died in 1750 being blind at the end of his life.

Ludwig van Beethoven

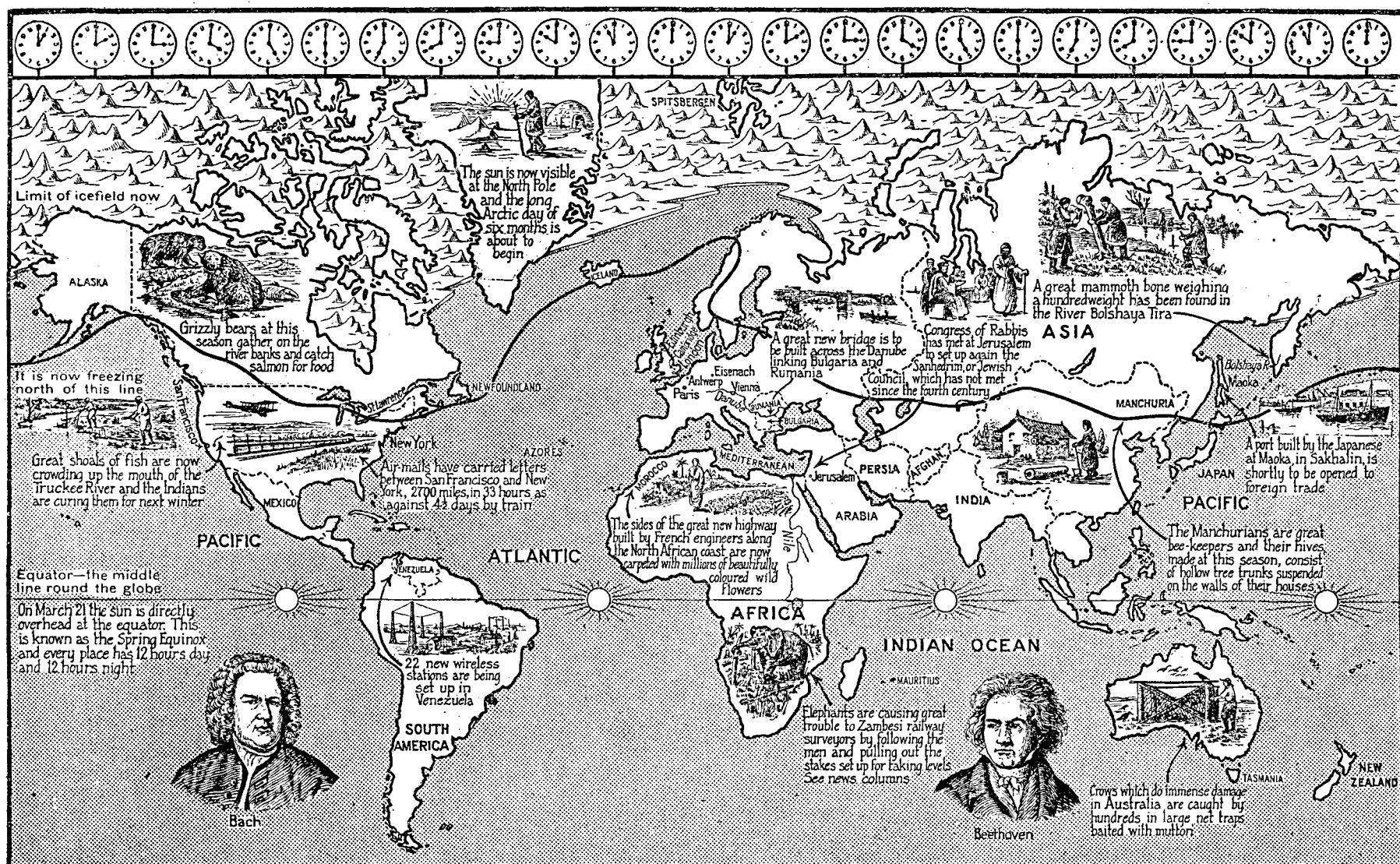
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, whom many regard as the greatest musician who has ever lived, was of Dutch origin, but lived chiefly in Vienna.

He was bred and born a musician. At the age of eleven he was an organist and went on tour as a player of the piano and organ. First known as one of the most famous players in Europe, he became the most famous composer, and his works have grown in popularity.

In his 28th year Beethoven began to lose his hearing, and at last was totally deaf, yet he continued to produce splendid music, which he could imagine, though he could not hear it.

In character he was far from agreeable, that is, he was often rough in manner and violent in temper; but people bore with him and forgave him because of his genius, the misfortune of his deafness, and his known kindness of heart.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LAST OF THE AUTOCRATS

King of Montenegro Dies in France

The death of King Nicholas of Montenegro brings to an end the list of European kings who claimed to do as they liked, ruling by their own will alone.

For more than two years Nicholas had not been a king except in name, for he fled from his country when the Austrians over-ran Serbia and Montenegro, and when they were driven out and defeated the Montenegrins whom Nicholas had ruled like a father, his friends said, but with a rod of iron, his enemies said, deposed him, and made their country a province of Jugo-Slavia.

Nicholas lived high up in his mountainous country, the Black Mountain, at the village of Cetinje, holding the title of Prince till 1910, when he took the title of king, because, he said, his people insisted that he should. But the more likely reason was that he wished to keep pace with the success of his daughters.

He had been active and brave in his youth and was a fine figure of a man in later life, and five of his handsome and healthy daughters made great marriages.

Helena became Queen of Italy, and has been a faithful helper of her husband, who is a brave, patriotic, and sensible king. Zouka married Peter Karageorgewitch, who became King of Serbia. Two sisters married Russian Grand Dukes, and a fifth a prince of the Battenberg family. So Nicholas had influential friends, though his own kingdom was small and poor.

The Montenegrins and Serbians are near akin, and the wave of feeling in favour of unity of races and of popular government swept away Nicholas.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A drawing by Turner	£2415
A Worcester tea service	£525
An old Chinese vase	£409
1st edition of Fitzgerald's Omar	£115
A Worcester teacup and saucer	£110

A FINE APPEAL

Saving Our Song Birds

The Bird Society is sending out an appeal to all lovers of birds to boycott shops and stores which sell song birds for food.

It is hard to believe that decent human beings could bring themselves to kill, let alone eat, a lark, a blackbird, or a thrush. To still for ever the melody of such birds as these simply to please people whose chief concern in life is their appetite is hideous and hateful.

Those who do such things are surely soulless and dead to all that makes life beautiful and worth while.

Our British song birds were destined for higher things. Shelley in his immortal Ode to a Skylark and Browning in Home Thoughts From Abroad, have given us two wonderful pictures of the skylark and the thrush, which will live as long as the literature which these pictures adorn is part of our national inheritance.

None of us wishes to see the unemployed hard pressed in these troublous times, but if it be true that they are turning their attention to bird-catching we can only express the hope that other work than this will soon be found for them.

The use of decoys to trap larks, linnets, chaffinches, and other lovely birds is not only cruel but illegal. These things should not be; they are a blot and a stain on the British name.

COST OF CHOOSING A PRESIDENT

More Expensive than a King

The bill for making Mr. Harding the President of the United States, that is the cost of his election, has now been added up.

It amounts to 10,338,000 dollars, or more than two million pounds.

It is clear that an American President is more costly than a British King.

WILD ELEPHANTS RUN AMOK

People Driven from Their Homes

In some districts of Burma wild elephants, which have been protected since 1852, have greatly increased in numbers, and are becoming a great menace to agriculture.

They destroy valuable crops in the rice fields and sugar plantations, and the Indian Government is compelled to take immediate steps to deal with the trouble.

The elephants travel about in great herds, impudently trampling down the crops, often destroying in one night the labour of many months, and compelling the natives, who are not permitted to kill them, to abandon their farms and remove their villages.

It is a laudable thing to preserve the wild life of these great places, but protection purchased at the cost of destroyed farms and native villages is too expensive a luxury.

MAN WHO CHARMED THE ARABS

Colonel Lawrence Made Arab Adviser

There will be a feeling of widespread relief that Colonel T. E. Lawrence has been appointed Adviser on Arab Affairs.

We have already sketched his life in the C.N., telling how he in the early days of the war mixed with the Arabs and gained great influence over them, bringing them at last into battle-line against the Turks, who had offered £20,000 for him, dead or alive.

There has been great uneasiness among the Arab tribes, and the influence of Colonel Lawrence in their midst, and his advice as to the wisest way of dealing with them, will be valuable.

Everyone will watch with keen interest the second chapter in the career of the "uncrowned King of Arabia," which is now about to begin.

TWO MILLION PEOPLE CHOOSE THEIR COUNTRY

Will Upper Silesia Remain German?

In Upper Silesia 2,000,000 people have now the chance of choosing which country shall be theirs, Germany or Poland. It is the most important popular vote, or plebiscite, arranged in the Peace Treaty.

A number of such votes were planned in the treaty, giving the people of various districts an opportunity of deciding for themselves which country they preferred.

North Schleswig decided for Denmark against Germany; South Schleswig for Germany against Denmark. The Malmedy district voted itself into Belgium. An Alpine district in Carniola voted to remain Austrian rather than join Jugo-Slavia.

Silesia is a rich mining district, and if Germany loses it she will be greatly weakened in her manufactures and trade. If Poland gains it she will be much more firmly established as a populous and powerful State.

The business of the region has been in German hands to a large extent, but a majority of the people, it is thought, are Polish in race, and the question is whether German influence will counter-balance Polish numbers. Some may vote for Germany in the belief that German control may be better for trade, which in the past has flowed to a large extent from Silesia into Germany.

The Allies have troops in Silesia to see that order is preserved and that the vote is taken fairly, and all Europe will look on with a very keen interest.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Apelles	Ap-pel-eez
Reichstadt	Rike-staht
Sakhalin	Sah-kahl-yen
Sanhedrim	San-he-drim
Van Dyck	Van Dike

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 19 1921

Hard and Strong

A WISE man has been telling the world that if it wants to get out of its muddles it must cease to whine about them.

This advice reminds us of an old gentleman's reproof to his children when they came down to breakfast on a black morning with angry grumbles about the weather. "All the more need, my dears," this gentleman used to say, "for sunshine in the home."

The truth is that nothing is so dangerous to character as the line of least resistance. It seems perfectly safe and right to abuse bad weather when rain ruins a football match or spoils a picnic; but what sort of sailors should we have if our merchant marine did not oppose themselves with stout courage and cheerful hearts to all the winds that blow?

It is the line of most resistance which strengthens character. Nature is full of instances of loss of power from a luxurious life. Flying creatures lose their wings by living where food is plentiful. There are insects which cannot feed themselves because they have so long been fed by slaves. The animal which has to range far for its food, and practise the greatest skill in procuring it, is the animal which develops brain-power and keeps its health.

It is a mistake to try to make things too easy. Difficulties are not to be ignored or cheated, but to be opposed and overcome. Suppose cricket were easy: who would want to play it? Suppose drawing were easy: who would want to paint pictures? A man makes himself by facing difficulty.

We once asked Sir William Crookes, the great chemist, whether his work was not dull and unexciting. He admitted that readily enough, but added, with a cheerful smile: "But when you get on the scent of a big mystery like Radiant Matter it beats fox-hunting into fits."

The mistake we all make, statesmen and school children too, is to think that Ease is Happiness. We are meant to be happy, and the search for happiness is the rightful search of the human race. But happiness for men is not the happiness desired by the pig: it is not a full trough. Happiness lies in the opportunity for developing our spiritual powers—our imagination; our observation, our ingenuity, and our noblest and purest affections.

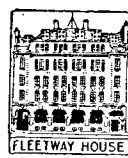
We must think about the stars and not about the sty. Our search should be along the line of most resistance. "I say unto you, love your enemies."

It is hard, but hard things are our opportunity, the opportunity life gives us to prove that we are her fit children.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What's in a Name?

A LADY who remembers a certain Dorsetshire watering-place thirty years ago was telling us about the great changes which have gradually made it, from an old-fashioned fishing village, quite a fashionable seaside town.

"There was a dear old man," she said, "who used to look after the village school. He took a pride in keeping the windows wonderfully clean, so that the children should have plenty of sunshine. His name was a curious one; it was Mr. Gotobed, and he lived in Hopabout Lane. A curious conjunction, wasn't it?"

We inquired the whereabouts of this lane.

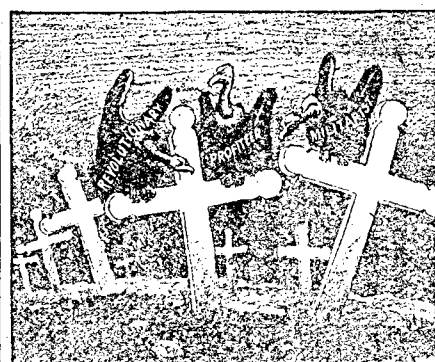
"Oh, Hopabout Lane," she cried, with a gesture of mock grandeur, "is now Queen's Road!"

What a transformation!

It is worth noticing that while many of the old names had a jolly or humorous or friendly sound, all the new names try to express grandeur.

Is this a sign that we are all pretending to be fine and fashionable instead of making ourselves happy and natural?

Mr. Gotobed's chief thought was to let plenty of sunshine into the lives of children.



They do not want the League of Nations

On Guard

YOU know why a hermit crab is so often to be found in the shell of a whelk. It is because the tail of the hermit crab has no armour, and he is afraid of having it bitten off by a fish or stung by a vindictive anemone. His tail, you observe, is his heel of Achilles.

You know, of course, how Achilles got that vulnerable heel. He was held by it when he was dipped in the magic River Styx, which made him invulnerable. Those finger-marks were his weak part. His heel, you observe, was his tail of the hermit crab.

You know, of course, that everybody has a weak spot.

The question is: Do you know which is *your* weak spot?

When found, make a note of it.

Do not feel sorry for the hermit crab. Look after yourself.

It is your weak spot that the world will be looking out for, and if it should be spotted—well, you will wish in vain for a whelk's shell.

A Grateful Word to March

WHEN early spring is in the air, delightful to the eye in bursting colour and melodious to the ear in the birds' "sweet jargonings," who can refrain from welcoming the earth's gracious renewal with pen as well as by all the charmed senses?

Though blustering winds and deceitful cold may before long play us false, we venture to say a grateful word to mild March as it has reappeared counterfeiting May.

Even if it falsified itself, and confounds us before it goes, we salute it as a genial blessing, and hope it will not prove itself a deceiver.

Tip-Cat

"THIS country is the smokiest in Europe," says Lord Newton. Well, and the Empire owes a good deal to Smuts.

LORD ASHFIELD believes the worst is now past. But what it has left behind is no better.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE tells us: "This is an odd world, and there are some odd people in it."

He has been looking round the House of Commons.

WE hear from a restaurant of a button found in the salad. Part of the dressing, we suppose.

A PLAY-THING: Hamlet.

THE cinema craze is getting beyond bounds. Who does not prefer real life to reel life?

PERHAPS the Liverpool man who swallowed a bottle of ink wanted to follow the advice of the classical author who said, "Dip your pen into your heart and write."

THE League of Nations is said to be "a promising instrument." We have heard even its enemies say, "Oh, blow it!"

The Girl Guide's Prayer

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose grace Thy servants are enabled to fight the good fight of faith and ever prove victorious, we humbly beseech Thee so to inspire us Guides that we may yield our hearts to Thine obedience and exercise our wills on Thy behalf.

Help us to think wisely, to speak rightly, to resolve bravely, to act kindly, to live purely.

Bless us in body and soul, and make us a blessing to our comrades.

Whether at home or abroad may we ever seek the extension of Thy Kingdom.

Let the assurance of Thy presence save us from sinning, strengthen us in life, and comfort us in death. O Lord our God, accept this prayer for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW
Why they do not
bury the Dead Sea

The Poems of Peter Puck

See-Saw

THERE'S a tale going round,
But whether it's true
Or a thumping big —
Well, I leave it to you.
But the story is this—
And I heard it in town
From a man in the know—
That the world's settling down.

WHAT a day it will be
When the Greek and the
Turk
Lie down like two lambs
And our bricklayers work!
But we must not expect
Any paeans from Krupp;
For we can't settle down
Till the Huns settle up.

Taking a Boy Out

By Our Country Girl in Town

ADVICE to those about to give small boys a treat—Don't.

Ian was handed over to me at ten this morning. He has candid eyes and a terribly big voice for his inches. He was dressed in a white serge coat and cap, white buckskin gaiters, and white woollen gloves.

By ten-twenty he had picked up a sooty cat, fallen on a sooty pavement, and let his cap blow into a sooty puddle. He arrived at the Museum looking as if he were dressed for a funeral. Imagine having to take him back to Nurse at mid-day!

"Look, Ian, that is a brontosaurus." Ian looked at the gigantic skeleton, and then at me. "I don't believe in it," he said.

"Oh, here's a crocodile! Do you know they lie with their mouths open and let small birds pick their teeth?"

"I aren't allowed to," Ian exclaimed loudly. "The over day I was doin' it wiv me fork."

Two old ladies were looking at him with horror.

"Come here," I said hastily. "Let us see what this funny skeleton is. Ah, here's the label: Dodo—Extinct."

"You mustn't say 'it stinked'; that's rude. You must say it smelled. Once when Mrs. Byng had some Odourcologne I—"

People were listening. I dragged him away.

At last I managed to interest him. We halted at a case that demonstrated the protective colouring of birds and animals in northern lands. "You see," I said, "if that fox, and pheasant, and hare, and stoat, and hedgehog were brown and red and grey, how they would show up against the snow. They have grown white fur and feathers so that their enemies shan't notice them."

He pondered, with his tongue against the glass of the case. Suddenly he cried: "Oh dear, I wish boys could be born London-colour!"

Power is never a good thing unless he be good that has it. So it is the good of the man—not of the power.

KING ALFRED

HISTORY FROM THE CAVE DAYS THE NEW DISCOVERY AT COLOMBIÈRE

Beautiful Women of Twenty
Centuries Since

WORLD'S OLDEST ARTISTS

Two pictures of the ancient world from the picture gallery of the cave men of at least 20,000 years ago have come to light in a cave at Colombière, in France. Already they have been briefly mentioned in the C.N., but we have been thinking out the wonder of it all.

The pictures are of a man and a woman; the masterpiece is a drawing scratched on a piece of bone from a mammoth, and represents two figures, one of a man, and the other the kneeling figure of a woman, but most unfortunately not showing the woman's head.

This is portraiture of our ancestors in the long, long ago, and it is intensely interesting, for it shows us that science had rightly imagined that the men of that age were hairy. The figure of this man is that of a rugged, hairy creature.

Venus of the Stone Age

But, to the general surprise, this woman of the caves was a beauty, smooth-bodied and graceful. Her picture on this bone is described as that of the Venus of the Stone Age.

What is curiously interesting is the fact that even so long ago, when her husband and sons were hairy, flint-using savages, woman was a creature of loveliness. Men had not then learned how to make houses, they had not learned how to make tools of metal; we are not sure whether the people in these caves at Colombière knew how to make fire and use it. But in those dim and almost incredible days there lived men—or they may have been women—who could take a sharp flint and draw with it a portrait of their fellow-creatures to live through all the ages, and come to light today to make us marvel.

Mammoth Bone Picture

The drawing on this piece of bone of an extinct mammoth is said to resemble the style of Early Greek art, and that came thousands and thousands of years later. The unknown queen of the caves seems to have had something of the Greek splendour of physical proportions. She is represented as a fine type of figure, with a slender, graceful waist-line.

What else beside this untaught art did these people know, we wonder. There is this beautiful bit of cave men's work, done when the level of living and comfort, what with the grim battle with beasts and fellow mortals and the terrible struggle with disease, cold, flood, and famine, could have been but little higher in plane than that of the animals.

Yet they were kind and loving, these savages of the caves, and they were skilful; there were surgeons who conducted great operations even then.

Surgeons of Long Ago

We must suppose that this wonderful art of surgery came later than the engraver's art. The level at which evidences of bygone activities are found enables the scientist to fix the dates. Even so, the operations performed and the nursing of the wounded which must have been required are eloquent of tenderness, pity, and love.

But think of the romance of it all. In the misty, twilight days of the world there lived these people, so little removed in some particulars from the life of animals, yet whole worlds removed from them in imagination and intellectual achievement. Some of these cave men crossed into England before the North

Continued in the next column

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

London had 3474 fires last year, the damage being £1,941,955.

The latest census shows that New York has 153,000 negroes.

The number of telephone calls in the United Kingdom for the past year was 850 millions.

New Discovery in Science

A baby recently lived for a quarter of an hour without its lungs expanding, a thing hitherto supposed impossible.

Motor-Car Rings the Fire Alarm

A motor-car at Tooting recently ran into a fire-alarm, injuring the driver. Before an ambulance could be summoned 14 fire engines had rushed up.

Pussy at the Milking

A Kentish girl tells of a cat which jumped on the farmer's knee as he was milking a cow, and opened her mouth. Instead of milking into the pail, the farmer then milked into pussy's mouth.

Last year a hundred million letters were carried by air mail in the U.S.A.

In the two years since the Armistice Britain has spent £800,000,000 on armies.

There is only one fatal bus accident in London to every million and a quarter miles run.

Houses Built of Earth

A house is being built of compressed earth at Hayes, in Kent, at a tenth the cost of brick.

The No-Seat Tramcar

One design in the London County Council £1000 competition for a new style of tramcar showed a car with no seats, but slanting boards to lean against.

Seagulls at Birmingham

A large flock of seagulls, observed recently flying over Birmingham, wheeled about suddenly and flew in the direction from which they came. Such flocks are not often seen inland so late.

EDISON WORKS ON HIS 74TH BIRTHDAY



Thomas Alva Edison, the great American scientist, celebrated his 74th birthday by working all day. He always arrives early, and punches in and out on the time-clock like an ordinary workman. Here we see him about to leave the factory for lunch

Continued from the previous column

Sea was formed. The Bronze Age men followed across the water and mastered the Stone Age men. The men with iron weapons came ages later, and mastered the men of the Bronze Age.

The blood of all these men has descended to us today. We are all from cave men stock. From the cave to the little wattle hut, from the hut to the mud cabin, from the mud cabin to the houses built on platforms amid lakes, and finally strong houses of wood and stone on land, then villages, towns, cities, palaces, and fortresses—so the story ran all over the world, culminating

with the glory that was Greece, whose art has never been equalled in history.

Apelles was the greatest of the Greek painters; none but he was allowed to paint a portrait of Alexander. Well, not a fragment of the work of Apelles remains to the world; we know of it only from literature. But this cave man's work from Colombière, wrought with a flint on the bone of an animal that has become extinct, once the mightiest mammal in the world, lives, fresh and wonderful, a proof that genius did not dawn with the Greeks, nor with the Egyptians and Assyrians, from whom the Greeks first learned.

GERMANY AND THE WORLD SETTLING UP THE GREAT BILL

The Real Troubler of the
World's Peace

WHAT IS GERMANY THINKING?

Though people in each nation are supposed to be living close to the people of all other nations, it is exceedingly difficult, notwithstanding telegraphy, wireless, cheap postage, and daily trade, to know what men of other countries are really thinking.

And the people whom we know least about, so far as their minds are concerned, are the Germans. They, too, know least about the rest of the world. That is the cause of the world's worst troubles at the present time.

Unrepentant Rulers

For two years we have been hoping that the war had led to a better understanding, and that the Germans might see how they had been wrong in the past, honestly try to make amends, and so win the respect of other nations and live in peace with the world they have done so much to ruin.

But no. Their rulers do not seem to have learned the lesson; and it looks as if the period of trouble would continue.

When at last they have been brought to the point of acknowledging, and honestly paying for, a fair share of the ruin they caused, they have come forward with proposals which show that they cannot yet have realised their guilt and the consequences that must follow it.

Germany Admits Her Crime

It is now admitted by them that they planned the Great War ten years before they began it. Their plan then included the treachery of an attack on Belgium. It supposed that Great Britain, France, Russia, and Belgium would resist them, and that Italy would not help them.

Their generals are now squabbling among themselves as to how far a departure from the plan they made in 1904 led to their defeat in 1914 on the Marne, where they lost the war.

In spite of this admission of guilty war-making they have come forward with proposals that would enable them to escape paying three-fourths of the cost—which they are able to pay—of the war they thrust on innocent nations.

This barefaced attempt to slip out of their honest responsibilities has turned against them once more the mind of the whole civilised world.

Hope for the Future

But is this the mind of the majority of the German people? There are some signs that it is not. The refusal of the workers of the port of Flensburg to launch vessels named after the men who led Germany to her ruin—Tirpitz, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff—on the ground that giving such names to vessels glorifies men who were conscienceless war criminals, shows that a sense of right is working underneath in the minds of plain German people.

The spread of that sense of human right is Germany's only hope. But at present the ruling mind remains dark and hard, and so the German outlook is dangerous, and the whole world suffers.

DANGER IN SHAM ORNAMENTS

Curious Story of Imitation
Pearls

A prominent Sheffield doctor, Dr. Arthur Hall, reports a curious case of a painful rash that broke out on one of his patients whenever she wore a sham pearl necklace.

When worn on the arm the bogus pearls had the same irritating effect. Dr. Hall discovered that when they were warm the ornaments exuded a greasy substance that caused the mischief.

BOY SHAKESPEARES SCHOLARS WHO WRITE PLAYS AND ACT THEM

Remarkable Performance at a
Cambridge School

THE NEW TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Our Cambridge Correspondent

A remarkable performance was given at the Perse Grammar School, Cambridge, the other day. A number of boys acted two plays, a comedy and a tragedy, which they had themselves written from beginning to end.

This historic school, made famous by one of its former scholars, Jeremy Taylor, is even more famous today on account of the original methods of teaching followed by the headmaster, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, and his assistants.

Here Latin and Greek are treated as living tongues, and the boys speak these languages in the school in the same way as they speak English and French. It is a remarkable achievement, and scholars and students of education come from all over the world, from the United States, Japan, and so on, to hear the Perse boys talk Latin and Greek. The Board of Education has issued two pamphlets on this original method of teaching at the Perse.

Lovers of Shakespeare

The teaching of English literature is equally original. The Perse boys acquire a real love for Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama, and when their imagination and dramatic sense have been stimulated they are then encouraged to write plays of their own and to produce them on Shakespearean lines.

It was a performance of this kind given by the Perse Players, a dramatic society consisting entirely of schoolboys, that a C.N. representative was present at the other evening. The comedy, called "The Duke and the Charcoal Burner," was written in excellent prose and verse by boys of 13 or 14, and the tragedy, dealing with the death of Roland, Charlemagne's knight, was in blank verse, its author being a boy of 15, who had been assisted by other boys.

An Elizabethan Stage

The comedy was an astonishing production, full of humour with many exceedingly clever flashes of wit, and the acting was as good as the writing. The tragedy, a more ambitious attempt, would have done credit to a grown-up dramatist, and its presentation on the stage showed an amazing appreciation by the boys of the dramatic situations.

Both plays were acted on a double stage arranged in true Shakespearean style with no scenery, the entrances and exits being through curtains arranged at the back and sides. The comedy consisted of three scenes and the tragedy of seven, and in each case the play went on continuously, the scenes being acted alternately on the inner and the outer stage without a break.

The Play Way

But the boys not only wrote and acted the plays; they made the stage properties, including helmets, crown, arms, trees, and so on. The costumes, which were really beautiful and historically accurate, were all made by the boys' parents, and the whole production was a masterpiece of dramatic excellence. Less skilfully written plays and inferior acting have been seen on the London stage.

The plays were produced under the direction of Mr. F. C. Happold, the very able and original English master at the Perse, where this wonderful new method of interesting the boys in literature, history, handicraft, and the drama has been followed for some years.

Another of the Perse masters, Mr. H. Caldwell Cook, has written a classical book on the subject entitled "The Play Way," which is being read in many countries, and there is no doubt that this original method of teaching will be followed by other schools.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE MARVELS OF THE GREAT SEA

Mysteries that No Man Can
Explain

A LITTLE BARNACLE AND ITS AIRSHIP

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution in London, Professor J. A. Thomson took his audience on an enchanting voyage of discovery among the rocks and caves of the ocean deeps.

It must have amazed many of them to learn what a colossal amount of eating is done in waters by the seashore.

It takes ten pounds of a certain seaweed, said the Professor, to make one pound of worm; it takes ten pounds of worm to make one pound of whelk. Ten pounds of whelks are needed to make one pound of rock turbot; and it depends upon human appetite how many pounds of rock turbot are necessary to feed a hungry man.

In the quest for food, fighting must often precede capture, and battle and wounds have taught the starfish to surrender a broken arm and grow a new one, and the shore crab to work the muscles of a fractured claw until the damaged member falls off, and then to staunch the wound with a double membrane.

Deserts of the Sea

How is it done? Not even our learned professor can explain that, well as he knows the processes.

Out in the deep sea calmer conditions prevail. The population is less dense, the open sea more uniform in temperature, the differences between summer and winter, between night and day, less pronounced.

The sea has its meadows, miles and miles in extent, meadows thick with simple, greenish plants upon which live the simpler fish that constitute the food of the higher forms. In such neighbourhoods life is abundant, but there are sea deserts, plantless wastes of sea in the Southern Pacific, where few fish are, and where birds do not visit.

Sunshine and Fish Supplies.

Upon the diatoms the copepods, or sea-fleas, feed, and upon the sea-fleas the mackerel feed. The result is that if we have a generous measure of sunshine the diatoms are more numerous, the sea-fleas correspondingly flourishing, and the mackerel that come to table are the fatter and larger in numbers. So sunshine promotes all our harvests, even the harvests of the sea.

Strange and bewildering are the facts of the deep sea. It is the descendant of a land animal, the whale, that Professor Thomson crowns as the mass of greatest fitness, this monster which of all mammals stays longest under water, and, in order to do so, takes the longest breath of all lung-breathers.

Yet look at the opposite pole of animal organisation, a barnacle—not the barnacle that fastens itself to ship or rock or the piers of docks, but the floating barnacle that roams the ocean, a little, rudderless, living craft.

Clever Creature's Mean Brain

This tiny floating barnacle attaches itself to such trifling rafts as a feather, a piece of seaweed, a match thrown from a vessel. With growth the barnacle becomes too heavy for its frail support, so it makes its shell very light. Still, its weight is too great to allow its raft to keep it near the surface, where it must be to live. Therefore this extraordinary creature constructs a buoy, filled with gas and jelly, and this contrivance enables it to keep itself sufficiently near the top of the water to obtain food, maintain life, and prosper.

What man could devise such an apparatus out of his own substance? None could. Yet the little animal that does it has the very meanest of brains.

SOME LONG-LIVED MUSICIANS

Which is the Healthiest
Profession?

Usually the clergy are supposed to live longer, on an average, than the members of any of the other chief professions.

Certainly doctors do not take a foremost place. The dangers of their work lower their average life. Men in higher ranks of the law, judges particularly, are proverbially long-lived, but many fall by the way in the lawyer's busy calling, and only strong men win through.

A claim is now being made for those who obtain a comfortable position in the world of music, and instances are given. Sir Walter Parrett, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been at his work for 69 years, beginning as a boy of eleven, and he varies music with the most trying of all games, chess.

Sir George Elvey, the organist at Windsor before Sir Walter, held the post for 47 years. Sir Frederick Bridge, late organist at Westminster Abbey, retired when he had held his post 44 years, and he followed an organist, James Turle, who had served the Abbey 56 years. But these are the survivors from a profession strewn with disappointments.

The Hush Before the War

To those who are not doing all they can to help the League of Nations the thought of what may come if the League fails must make an eloquent appeal.

We think it may be helpful to recall these moving words of Lord Rosebery five years before the Great War broke out, when all Europe was drifting to the great catastrophe.

There is a hush in Europe, a hush in which one might almost hear a leaf fall to the ground. There is an absolute absence of any questions which ordinarily lead to war. All forebodes peace, and yet there never was in the world so threatening and overpowering a preparation for war.

Without any tangible reason we see the nations preparing new armaments. They cannot arm more men upon land, so they seek new armaments upon the sea, piling up this enormous preparation as if for some approaching Armageddon.

When I see this bursting out of navies everywhere I do begin to feel uneasy as to the outcome of it all, and to wonder where it will stop, and if it is merely going to bring back Europe into barbarism; or whether it will cause a catastrophe in which the workmen of the world will say, **We will have no more of this madness and foolery which is grinding us to powder.**

A VERY WILY BIRD Mother Duck Protects Her Young

A New Zealand reader sends us an experience which shows how birds protect their young.

I was walking beside a small creek when suddenly I noticed about eight wild ducks. On sighting me they all took to flight; at that moment, out of an osier plant overhanging the creek, swam another duck.

At first I thought it was a young one, for it did not seem able to fly. It swam a little way down the creek, round and round in circles, as though it could not guide itself. In this way it tried to lure me to follow it.

Just then there was a squeaking noise beneath the osier, and out swam several ducklings only a day or two old. The mother bird, seeing me pursuing her young, and finding her efforts to lure me away fruitless, rose and circled in the air, squeaking all the while to tell them to hide. This they did.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR WHEN MARCH 25 BEGAN THE YEAR

Changes in the Calendar

TWO DATES FOR ONE DAY

It seems so natural for the year to begin on January 1 that we can scarcely imagine that up to the middle of the 18th century New Year's Day was always on March 25.

It was in 1752, only a few years before George III, our present king's great-grandfather, came to the throne, that the calendar was altered. In that year it was decreed by Act of Parliament that the year 1751 should be reckoned as ending on the previous December 31, and that the days from January 1, 1751, to March 24, which was the last day of the year 1751, should be reckoned as being part of 1752. Thus the months of January and February and 24 days of March were transferred from one year to another, and January 1 became New Year's Day.

A Pope's Great Reform

But this was not the only change made in the calendar at that time. Owing to the fact that the year consists, not of 365½ days, as reckoned in the calendar established by Julius Caesar, but of about eleven minutes less, the seasons had got considerably wrong according to the almanac. In other words, time reckoned by the sun and time reckoned by the almanac did not correspond.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII set matters right by altering the almanac. He decreed that March 11 should be reckoned as March 21, and the ten days which had accumulated from the annual eleven minutes were thrown out.

Protestant countries foolishly refused to adopt this wise reform, and it was not till 1752 that England decided to set matters right by using this New Style, as it was called. The difference had now increased to eleven days, and so by Act of Parliament it was ordered that the day immediately following September 2, 1752, should be called September 14.

"Give Us Back Our 11 Days"

Ignorant people were greatly alarmed, and seriously thought that they were being deprived of eleven days of their lives. Crowds paraded the streets and demonstrated outside the houses of Cabinet Ministers shouting, "Give us back our 11 days!"

These changes in the calendar explain the curious form in which many dates in the latter part of the 18th century are written. June 19, 1753, O.S., for instance, means that this date is reckoned according to the Old Style, or Julian, calendar, and not according to the New Style, or Gregorian, calendar, by which it would be June 30, N.S. The date is therefore often written ¹⁹/₃₀ June, 1753, as you will often find in old history and biographical works.

Need for a Uniform Calendar

In some cases the change involved a change of month also, when the date was written thus: ³⁰/₁₁ June, 1753, and in other cases the day, month, and year were all changed, and in old documents and books we find such dates as ²³/₆ February, 1753, the upper line being the Old Style and the lower the New.

There is no reason whatever why the New Year should begin on January 1 any more than on February 1 or March 25. It is all a matter of convenience.

The almanac has to be kept correct by the sun, and with the close international business relations of today it is almost essential for all nations to use the same calendar. Otherwise there would be enormous work in adjusting dates.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Woodcock's Curious Flight

BEETLES AND BEES ON THE MOVE

By Our Country Correspondent

March 20. The little whirligig beetles are now to be seen in groups, whirling about on the surface of still ponds and never appearing to get tired. Their object in thus darting about is to obtain food, and they are very voracious, capturing large numbers of small flies and other insects. If you alarm them they will dive to the bottom of the pond, and remain there till danger is past.

March 21. Humble bees are beginning to come out on fine, sunny days, and very handsome-looking creatures they are. There are no fewer than 18 species of these in Britain, but only an expert can tell one from another. They certainly repay careful study.

March 22. The woodcock, which breeds in this country much more commonly than it used to do, is now engaged in the curious to-and-fro flying which is known to country people as roading. It will soon be building its nest of leaves and grass in some quiet, damp place in the wood.

March 23. Many plants are now coming into leaf, and among those that we may look for are the red and black currants, lilac, syringa, sweet briar, hawthorn, bramble, hazel, horse chestnut, larch, and raspberry.

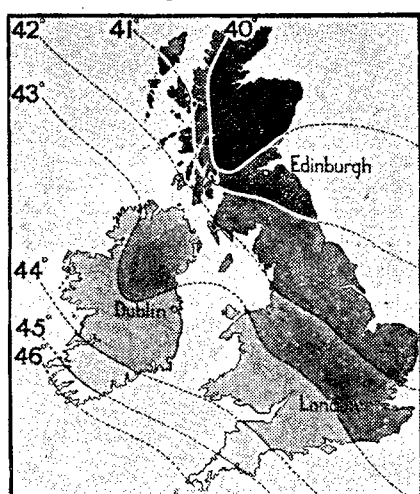
March 24. Frogs can now be heard croaking in the neighbourhood of ponds and ditches, and where we hear the sound we may be sure of seeing the spawn, which we were noticing last week.

March 25. Among birds whose song is getting noticeable are the tree creeper, which utters a short, shrill song of three or four notes with a very high-pitched call-note; and the pied wagtail, or dish-water, whose pleasant, subdued song is varied by a call that sounds like chiz-it. Listen for these and you will hear them.

March 26. The elm tree is now beginning to blossom; and the common sallow, the earliest of our flowering British willows, is being rapidly followed in the opening of its blossoms by other kinds of willows.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Temperatures of March



This map shows in Fahrenheit degrees the average temperatures of March in the U.K.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow carrots, Brussels sprouts, and cauliflower. Sow cabbage—Ellam's Early or All Heart—for summer and autumn supply. Sow parsley in beds or as an edging to borders; the curled sorts make a neat edging.

Celery seeds should be sown under a frame. Keep the flower beds under inspection and remove decayed leaves. In dry weather stir the surface of the soil with a hoe to destroy weeds. Put sticks to hyacinths and tulips to prevent them being broken by high winds.

TOWN HOMES AND COUNTRY HOMES

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE WANTS TO COMBINE THEM

Chemist to Supersede the Cow

FORD'S FEATS

In every part of the civilised world the name of Mr. Ford is known by his motor-cars.

Nobody denies that he is a bold and clever builder-up of business, but his latest schemes are not easily believed in, though they have some good points.

He thinks cities are too big, and he would like to abolish them by spreading manufactures all over the country. It is an idea that many people hold. Others, as well as Mr. Ford, have noticed that farming does not occupy in the winter the people it needs in the summer, and in some countries separate winter crafts are common.

The American manufacturer proposes to make in the country during winter things the country people can use in the summer "to plough and mow, and reap and sow," as the old song runs; and he is planning six little country towns in the United States which are to be both manufacturing and agricultural. What the people want they are to make, whether it be machinery or food. The deviser of this plan thinks it would be very suitable for England.

No, Thank You, Pretty Cow!

Where the British people will doubt Mr. Ford from the beginning is in his manufacturing of food. First of all he rules out the horse and the cow as not only unnecessary, but as deserving strong words from such as he. He is particularly hard on the poor old cow, for he describes her as a dirty makeshift, a crude machine for producing milk.

He claims that future chemists will make better milk than a cow can, and turn it into food more digestible and strengthening than anything the cow can produce. Nobody now says that anything is impossible, so it is unsafe to contradict Mr. Ford.

But while he was interesting his countrymen with a discussion of these coming wonders some British men of science were insisting that the true line for the chemist to take is to assist and stimulate the processes of Nature, and not to replace its products artificially; and one of these men of science used an illustration that will sow doubt in many minds.

He pointed out that margarine is the manufactured food and butter the food produced by Nature, and he feared that if we are to go back from butter to margarine there is a bad time in store for humanity.

No man has done more than Mr. Ford toward superseding the horse; but his case against the cow is certainly not yet made out.

JACK AND HIS MASTER

Did the Dog Understand?

A Norfolk reader is convinced that her dog once understood family trouble, and suited his behaviour to the circumstances. She says:

When my father was dying Jack could not understand why he was not allowed upstairs. One day he crept up, and when mother ordered him to go down again he turned on her, a thing he had never done before, nor has done since.

He entered the room, saw my father, and then turned round and went softly down again, and from that moment till after the funeral he did not bark or make the slightest noise, though dozens of people came whom he had not seen before.

It seemed as though he knew his master was ill and must not be disturbed.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

Have Fishes Hearts?

Yes, like reptiles, birds, and mammals, all fishes have hearts.

Where Did the First Seas Come From?

The first seas were formed by the condensation of the vapour by which the earth was surrounded

Can a Cat Swim?

Though the domestic cat avoids water, it is a natural swimmer when immersed. Even a tiny blind kitten swims strongly.

Do Hoop Snakes Form a Ring and Roll?

No. All snakes wriggle along the ground, not in switchback loops as we see them in fanciful pictures, but with the body kept flat to the ground.

Has a Pheasant a Coloured Ring Round Its Neck?

Our common pheasant has a green neck, with bronze and purple sheen. The other one referred to is the ring-necked pheasant, which was introduced into England from China over a century ago.

In What Month Does Grass Not Grow?

Only a winter temperature prevents grass from growing. Frost and snow check development, but during the mild weather of the present winter grass in pasture and garden has perceptibly lengthened.

How Far Can a Kangaroo Jump?

The largest of the kangaroos when in flight proceeds by a succession of gigantic leaps, averaging between 20 and 30 feet at a bound, and maintaining that average as a human runner maintains the length of his stride.

How Can We Tell the Age of a Tree?

When the trunk of a tree is sawn through we see rings in the solid wood, each standing for one year's growth of the tree. The method is not infallible, for accidents may upset the annual sequence from time to time.

What Harm Could a Mouse do in an Elephant's Trunk?

Presumably it would scratch with its claws and endeavour to bite its way out. But the elephant would not reason that out; the horror of having its trunk invaded by a living animal would serve to terrify it.

Do Squirrels Build Nests?

Some foreign species of squirrels make homes in the ground, but our common British squirrel constructs a nest in a tree, generally in the fork of a branch near the trunk, roofed over, and with the main entrance opening downwards and a smaller one opening near the stem.

Can a Horse Understand a Donkey's Language?

The braying of a donkey seems to be nothing more than a call. A pony known to the writer used regularly to exchange calls with a donkey which was kept in a field adjoining the pony's paddock. After neighing and braying the animals would meet at the fence and affectionately nibble one another's neck.

What is the Largest Thing a Whale Has Been Known to Swallow?

The throat of the great whalebone whale is so small that, as sailors say, a penny loaf would choke it. The sperm whale, however, 60 feet long and weighing 70 tons, has a throat big enough to swallow a man. All we can say of this whale's feeding is that masses of food, six feet long and eight feet round, being parts of the tentacles of sea-squids, have been found in its stomach.

What is a Slime Mould? A kind of fungus, with no proper, well-covered body, which sucks the juices from dead plants, and, having fed, multiplies and chokes living plants. An interesting illustrated article on fungus and other diseases of plants is given in the C.N. monthly for April—My Magazine—now lying on the bookstalls.

PROBLEM OF THE STARS

WHICH IS THE GREATEST OF ALL?

Betelgeuse Outstripped by Canopus

SIZES THAT ARE BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Betelgeuse and the glorious constellation of Orion are now getting toward the west of an evening, and soon will begin to dip below the horizon.

The fiery gleams of Betelgeuse, however, will remain for another couple of months, for he is the last of Orion to vanish. He is easily identified by his reddish hue and his position above and to the left of the line of Orion's Belt.

No star has been talked about so much recently, owing to Professor Michelson's great discovery at Mount Wilson Observatory of the colossal size of Betelgeuse.

Now, although Betelgeuse is the first star to be measured, it is not to be supposed that he is the largest on account of his enormous dimensions or because he exhibited apparently the largest disc; and it must be remembered that the present suggested size of Betelgeuse of 260 million miles is based on the supposition that he is at a distance of about 150 light years.

A Question of Distance

Very careful measurements of his parallax by eminent astronomers have placed Betelgeuse at a distance of between 108 and 109 light years; therefore if this should prove nearer the truth then Betelgeuse will be only something like half the suggested size.

Although Betelgeuse shows the largest known disc, it does not follow that he is actually the largest star, for it is clear that the apparent size of the disc depends upon its distance, and if the distance is not known then neither can the size be.

Our Sun, at a light distance of but eight minutes, shows us the great disc we are familiar with, but at the distance of Betelgeuse he would be quite invisible to the naked eye.

Comparing Different Stars

It is obvious, therefore, that Betelgeuse must be much larger than our Sun, even without measurement; what, then, must be the size of such giants as Canopus and Rigel?

These brilliant stars are so far off that not the least trace of parallax, the principle described in last week's C.N., is perceptible. This proves that they must be over 466 light years distant, and they may be a thousand or more.

Upon the basis of its minimum distance and the volume of light emitted, which can be measured with accuracy, the diameter of Canopus has been estimated to be at least 33,000,000 miles. It has, therefore, hitherto been regarded as the largest sun so far as it was possible to tell. Now, since the much less brilliant Betelgeuse, which is certainly not a third of the distance away, proves to be such a giant, it is safe to infer at present that Canopus must be at least four times the size of Betelgeuse, and probably much larger still.

Largest Known Star

Canopus lasts forty times as much light as Betelgeuse if it is presumed Canopus to be but 466 light years distant, whereas he is probably farther.

Canopus is at present almost due south of Betelgeuse, but some way below the horizon in our latitudes, and beyond the reach of the interferometer instruments of Mount Wilson Observatory in America.

It will probably be a long time before Canopus will be measured, but, taking into account his brilliance, second only to Sirius, and his enormous distance, he must still remain by far the largest known star, with only Rigel for a known rival.

G. F. M.

Splendid New Story of Thrilling Adventures Begins Next Week

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the Secret of an Old Ruin : : Told by T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 54

The Arrival of Adnan

THE money-lender's threat, so far from intimidating Mr. Prynn, seemed to stiffen him.

"Since you have already given me notice to turn out of Storr Royal next Lady Day your bluster does not go for much, Mr. Delmar," he said coldly. "As for your son, I have already sent one of my masters in search of him, and if he is not found very shortly I shall warn the police all over the county. May I say that your threat of legal proceedings counts for nothing with me?"

"Oh, don't it? I'll teach you it does," roared the big man, whose anger grew in proportion as Mr. Prynn became cooler. "I left my son in your care, and you're responsible for him, and if you don't produce him you'll find yourself in quod next thing you know."

There was a sharp rap at the door, and almost before Mr. Prynn could say "Come in," it opened, and in came Hank, dragging with him Adnan Delmar.

For once Delmar's olive face had lost its usual composure. The boy looked sullen, almost savage. Gone, too, was all his dandyism. His clothes looked as if he had slept in them; they were stained with red mud, and one trouser knee had a great triangular tear. His collar was dirty, his hair unbrushed, and over his right eye, which was badly blackened, was a large patch of sticking-plaster.

For a moment no one spoke. Stan, his father, and the elder Delmar simply stood and stared.

Stan first found his voice.

"Where did you get him, Hank?"

"Right where I expected to. Up by the old mine."

"By the mine—the place where you searched last night?" questioned Mr. Prynn rapidly.

"That's so, sir," answered Hank.

"What was he doing?"

"I guess he was looking for the plate, sir—like me."

"You were looking for the plate? I don't understand. Mr. Astley said you searched the mine last night without success."

"We did that, sir," replied Hank, "but I thought it over afterwards and I wasn't real satisfied; and when Mr. Cobleigh told me first thing this morning that the plate wasn't in the car when Mr. Astley and Stan overtook it, why, I kind of thought it must have been left in the mine or near it."

"So, as soon as I'd had breakfast, off I went, and it wasn't much more than sun-up when I got there. First, I went into the mine and had a good look round, but I made pretty sure it wasn't in there anywhere. Then it struck me that the dump—the pile of stuff outside the approach—was a pretty good hiding-place, so I came out of the mine and went down there."

"I came over the heap the top side, and just as I got near the brow I heard someone on the slope, so I crept on quietly, and there was Delmar coming up."

"So then, sir, I just tackled him. He put up a bit of a fight, and that's how he got damaged, but, anyhow, I got him to the farm. There I found Mr. Astley just arrived on his motor-cycle, and he told me to bring him straight back here. We came in Mr. Cobleigh's cart, sir."

"And you didn't find the plate?" burst out Stan.

"No," said Hank, frowning. "I was wanting real bad to go back

and have a look, but Mr. Astley wouldn't let me. He said that Mr. Prynn would be wanting Delmar, and I was to bring him back. That's why I couldn't get the plate."

"Plate!" snarled the elder Delmar. "I don't believe there ever was any plate. As I said before, it's all a put-up job."

Mr. Prynn spoke at last.

"Possibly your son can now throw some light upon the matter, Mr. Delmar," he said with quiet sarcasm.

The angry money-lender turned to his son.

"Speak up, Adnan. Tell 'em it's all lies. Say what you know about it."

"I don't know anything about it," responded the younger Delmar, in a voice as sullen as his face. "I'm feeling very ill. I wish you'd take me away, Father."

"And so I will," growled the big man, "but first I'll settle with this chap." He turned upon Hank, shaking his big fist. "What do you mean by ill-using my son like this?" he roared.

Hank was quite unmoved.

"Guess the boot's on the other foot," he said. "He mighty near killed me. He got hold of me by the leg and we went down that big slope of stones faster than I've ever travelled. I've got a bump the size of an egg on the back of my head, and the only wonder is we weren't both killed."

"You did very well, Harker, in catching him as you have," said Mr. Prynn. "And now, Mr. Delmar, as your presence here can serve no useful purpose, I will thank you to withdraw."

"I'll go," thundered the money-lender—"I'll go, and I'll take my son with me."

Mr. Prynn took a step forward. "That I cannot allow. Your son must remain here until this matter is cleared up. Later, I have little doubt but that you will be able to take him with you—and for good."

If Mr. Delmar had been angry before, he was now raving. He abused Mr. Prynn, Hank, and the school in a voice that could have been heard in the garden, and made every threat he could think of.

But Mr. Prynn remained quite unmoved.

"You will do yourself no good by abuse," he answered calmly. "And as for your threats of police and the law, it begins to seem to me that it is you or your son who will find himself in trouble."

The elder Delmar stood for a moment glaring at them all, then suddenly spun round and rushed out of the room, slamming the door furiously behind him.

Mr. Prynn turned quietly to Adnan Delmar.

"You will accompany me to the detention room, where you will remain until I have communicated with your accomplice, Caffyn."

Instead of obeying, Adnan Delmar made a sudden rush for the door and flung it open.

"Stop him!" cried Mr. Prynn, and Stan sprang after him. Before he could reach him, Mr. Astley appeared in the open doorway, dragging Delmar with him.

"Thank you, Astley," said Mr. Prynn. "I was just about to take the boy to the detention room when he bolted. This seems to me very like a confession of guilt."

"There is no particular need for that, sir," answered the assistant master rather grimly. "I have Caffyn's confession in my pocket, duly signed and witnessed."

CHAPTER 55

Conclusion

AT these words Adnan Delmar went as white as a sheet and collapsed abjectly on the floor.

Mr. Astley jerked him into a chair.

"Here it is, sir," he said, as he took a sheet of paper from his pocket. "It's as well that I got there in time, for the man cannot live till night."

"Then it is true?" said Mr. Prynn, as he took the sheet. "It is true that this wretched boy stole the plate?"

"It is true that he had a share in it," replied Mr. Astley, "but I will say this in his favour—that he was absolutely in the hands of this scoundrel Caffyn. It seems that he owed him money—a good deal of money, and so he got into Caffyn's power, and then it seems he let out to Caffyn that this chest of old Royalist plate was supposed to be hidden in the ruins."

"But how did he know that?" demanded Mr. Prynn.

It was Adnan Delmar himself who answered.

"I saw it in some old papers my father had. I don't know how he got them," he said, in a queer, strained voice.

Mr. Prynn nodded.

"Go on, please, Mr. Astley."

"Caffyn at once got the idea of stealing the plate, but I fancy that he worked on this boy to make him believe that it was really his own."

Delmar broke in again.

"He swore it was his own!" he cried.

"Yes. Well, at any rate he promised Delmar that, in return for his help, he would not only let him off his debt, but give him a share of the proceeds. Delmar consented, and the rest you know."

"No, sir," cut in Stan. "We are still in the dark about the most important part. We don't know where the plate is."

Mr. Astley looked astonished.

"What! Did I not tell you? It was in the dump outside the mine, exactly where Harker said that he believed it was."

"And you've got it, sir?" cried Stan.

"Oh, yes; some is in my side-car and the rest safe at Mr. Cobleigh's."

"Hurrah!" cried Stan. "Then the school is safe!"

Mr. Prynn looked at his son sharply, but checked himself.

"Mr. Astley," he said, "I am extremely obliged to you for all you have done. Now will you be good enough to see Delmar to the detention room? I will see you after lunch, and later I will speak to the whole school in the hall."

Mr. Astley left the room, and Mr. Prynn stood looking at Stan and Hank.

"There is still five minutes before dinner," he said. "I will deal with you both here and now."

So saying, he went across to a cupboard, and took out a cane.

"Your father's got a mighty straight eye," said Hank, rather ruefully, as he and Stan walked across to the dining hall.

Stan grinned.

"Goodness, you don't call that a licking, do you, Hank? He only did it just to keep his word."

"Gee, then I'd hate to get a real one!" returned Hank.

The punishment, however, did not seem to make any difference to their appetites, and both boys made a capital dinner.

The school was still simmering with ill-suppressed excitement, but when Mr. Prynn came in at the end of the meal and went to the platform opposite the door the silence was so intense you could have heard a watch tick.

Mr. Prynn was in cap and gown, and all knew that at last they were to learn the truth about the doings of the past twenty-four hours.

"Boys," began the master, "I have an unpleasant duty to perform. One of your number, Adnan Delmar, has been expelled for conduct which makes him no longer fit to associate with you."

He paused. Still the silence was unbroken.

"Two other boys have broken rules by going out of bounds into the ruins. They have been caned."

All eyes turned to Stan and Hank, who blushed and looked uncomfortable.

"Now I have something less unpleasant to tell you. These two boys went out of bounds for a special purpose, which has resulted in restoring to me a quantity of very valuable property. This property—I make no secret of it—has saved the school from a very serious danger which threatened it. I am not going to tell you of that, because you will hear it from Mr. Astley, who took a part in the matter."

"All I am going to add is that these two boys showed themselves both plucky and resourceful. They have been punished for their disobedience, and now I think I may fairly reward them by announcing that they have earned for the school a special whole holiday, which will be granted next Tuesday."

It was Burton, captain of the school, who sprang on a chair.

"Three cheers for Prynn and Harker!" he cried.

The raftered roof almost rocked with the roar.

"Now three for the master, and three more for the school!" belled Burton, and the boys cheered themselves hoarse.

Hank pinched Stan's arm.

"Let's scoot!" he whispered. "I don't mind Caffyn, but, gee, this scares me!"

"Me too," grinned Stan. "Besides, I want to see the plate. It's all in Dad's study now, and he told Bee we might have a look at it."

Together they slipped out, and a few minutes later Mr. Prynn found them gazing delightedly at the great golden bowls and plates.

"Will it be enough, Father?" asked Stan anxiously.

Mr. Prynn laid his hand on his son's shoulder.

"Enough and to spare, Stan, my boy. I estimate it to be worth at least ten thousand pounds. Thanks to you and Harker we are finished with money-lenders for ever."

THE END



FREE with Today's SUNDAY COMPANION—2d.

A delightful picture, measuring 7 1/2" x 12", and printed in many colours

Five-Minute Story

The Hurdy-Gurdy

IT stood by the side of the road in a street near the promenade, poor old hurdy-gurdy, turned by a little old woman as weather-beaten and battered as it was itself.

Doris and Bob watched her from a little distance away.

No one gave her anything, and presently she moved on. The sun blazed down, intensely hot, and she turned the handle more and more slowly.

The whole length of the road, and she had not earned a penny.

She finished the tune and wheeled the organ away out of the road. They saw her sit down in a little covered shelter.

"Poor old thing!" Doris murmured.

They reached the shelter where the old woman sat.

She was fast asleep. Her head was on one side, and she breathed heavily.

The children sat down near her.

Then they had an idea; they conferred eagerly.

They were holidaying by the sea, and for the day they were by themselves, for Mother would not be home till seven o'clock. The whole day to themselves, and nothing to do! Then the idea!

Bob tore a page out of his notebook and wrote on it; then Doris pinned it carefully on the old woman's knee. It read:

"We have borrowed your hurdy-gurdy and will bring it back here at six o'clock tonight. Two Well-Wishers."

The organ was not heavy; they carried it for a few steps, and slipped quickly out of sight.

In order to get to a part where it was less likely to be known they set off for the far side of the town; then they came to a large house. Bob turned the handle, and after a few minutes a lady came to the door.

She stared curiously at the children. Then Doris spoke.

"We are collecting for an old woman who is very poor," she said, and the lady gave them a shilling.

That was the beginning, but not the end.

They were amazingly successful. They worked hard all day with intervals for food, which they ate out of doors.

They gave their first explanation almost unceasingly, and when it was nearly six-thirty their grand total was thirty-two shillings and fourpence!

They hurried towards the shelter. The old woman sat anxiously waiting. In her hands she held the note.

They poured the money into her lap with excited explanations.

Tears of joy and surprise ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, la la! Oh, la la!" she muttered, rocking herself to and fro. "Thirty-two shillings! Oh, God bless you! God bless you! Me an' the ole tin can doesn't earn that in a three week!"



God's in His Heaven—All's Right with the World



Dr. MERRYMAN

A POET was visiting an artist friend. "How I envy you, old chap! Poetry is a gift," said the artist. "H'm! Apparently the editors think it should be. They refuse to buy it," was the poet's reply.

The Cheeky Parrot

THERE once was a brilliant macaw Whose tail got shut in the door. Quite loudly he cried, But a parrot inside Excitedly shouted "Encore!"

What are They Doing?



Can you see what the boys in these pictures are doing? Solutions next week

IN what place can happiness always be found? In the dictionary.

Sneezing

SNEEZE on Monday, sneeze for danger; Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger; Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter; Sneeze on Thursday, sneeze for something better; Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow; Sneeze on Saturday, your sweet-heart tomorrow; Sneeze on Sunday, your safety seek; You'll have bad luck the whole of the week.

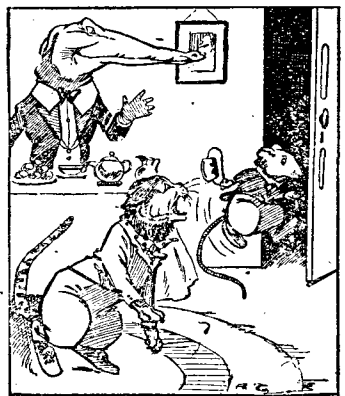
WHAT is the largest room in the world?

The room for improvement.

Arithmetic Made Easy

By Peter Puck

THE clock is a master of figures, At counting he never does stick, His hands work as hard as two niggers, And his voice says Arithme-tic-tic.



The Escapades of Johnny Crock

NEAR Johnny's house lived Tommy Mouse.

"Please come to tea with Joe and me," Said Johnny. "Yes, at half-past three."

The tea was spread, nice buns and bread.

"I don't like these," said Tommy. "Please

Now try to find a bit of cheese."

Meow! "What's that?" Said John, "A cat!"

The mouse said, "Oh! I'll have to go.

I think I've had enough, you know."

Puzzle Sentence

CAN you read this simple sentence? B not X either T or.

Answer next week

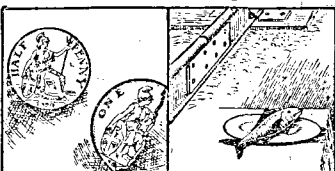
The Foolish Sheep

SEVEN sheep were standing By the pasture wall. "Tell me," said the teacher To her scholars small: "One poor sheep was frightened, Jumped, and ran away. One from seven—how many Woolly sheep would stay?" Up went Kitty's fingers— A farmer's daughter she, Not so bright at figures As she ought to be. "Please, ma'am." "Well, then, Kitty, Tell us if you know." "Please, if one jumped over All the rest would go."

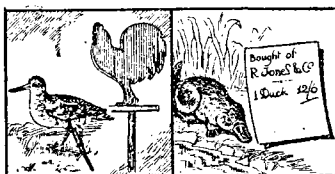
Do You Live in Friday Street?

PROBABLY, like Friday Street in the City of London, this was originally the fish market where in the Middle Ages fish was sold for use on Friday, which was a fast day of the Church.

Words Joined and Separated



Halfpenny Fishplate
Half penny Fish plate



Woodcock Duckbill
Wood cock Duck bill

These pairs of words, although having different meanings, are alike in spelling, only in one case the syllables form two separate words

What Are We?

IN a cottage with very small lustre we shine, But in noblemen's houses we're spacious and fine. Besides being little, we seldom are more

In a very small house than ten or a score.

In red, blue, and yellow we sometimes appear,

But crystal's the colour which chiefly we wear.

All weathers we suffer—wind, frost, rain, and snow;

And our faces are scratched if we like it or no.

If any of us get a blow on the face We're discarded, and others are put in our place.

Answer next week

Plain English

"I SHALL never learn your language!" exclaimed a Frenchman who was in London trying to learn English.

"Why not?" queried his London friend.

"Well, what am I to make of this?" replied the Frenchman, as he showed his friend a paragraph in a newspaper, which read:

"If Mr. Brown, who sits for this constituency, consents to stand again at the next election, he will more than likely have a walk-over."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Hidden Fish

Roach, shad, cod, herring, turbot, barbel.

What Are These Things?

L=50, TEA=L, SEA=L, PEA=L, COW=L, BOW=L.

Who Was She?

The Warrior Queen was Boadicea

Jacko Goes Out to Tea

BIG sister Belinda, who was married and lived in her own house, wrote one day to say that she was giving a party in the garden. She called it an At Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacko were invited. Belinda said she didn't ask Jacko and Adolphus because she was sure they wouldn't care about it.

"I would," said Jacko.

His mother looked very much surprised.

"Why, what would you do at an At Home?" she said.

"Stuff," put in Adolphus. "Cakes—cream buns."

Jacko grinned, but he didn't contradict him.

"Let the boy go if he wants to," said his father.

Jacko grinned again, and it was settled.



Jacko put out his hand and changed the hats

And then he forgot all about it till one day he was ordered to go upstairs and wash himself—properly—and put on his best suit. When he got down again his father and mother were having a heated argument with the baby.

The baby, according to arrangement, was to be left in charge of a neighbour for the afternoon, but at the last moment Baby refused to be left.

He said firmly he wanted to go to see Belinda. When he was informed that that was impossible, he began to kick and scream. And he went on doing it for a long time.

Jacko came to the rescue at last by falling plop on all fours, and racing round the room, barking loudly like the dog next door.

"Come on!" cried Jacko, smiling at him. "Come and find Bounce. You like Bounce."

The baby did, and he let Jacko carry him in next door. Luckily Bounce was at home, and in his friendliest mood.

The baby forgot Belinda, and the family sneaked quietly away. "Look at your clothes, Jacko!" exclaimed his mother.

"Never mind his clothes!" roared his father. "If we don't hurry we shall miss the train."

They didn't, but the excitement of hurrying for it so tired out Mr. and Mrs. Jacko that when they got settled in their seats they shut their eyes and dozed peacefully.

Jacko found the journey very dull.

He gazed at his parents, and noticed for the first time how smart they were. They were both wearing wideawake hats, only Mrs. Jacko's was decorated with a large feather.

Suddenly Jacko put out his hand and changed them.

"Awful draught! Shut the window, Jacko!" said his father, without opening his eyes.

Ten minutes later they sailed majestically into Belinda's back garden—which was crowded.

"Well, my dear! Here we are!" said Father.

"Oh!" cried Belinda. "What have you got on your head?" Father Jacko dragged off his hat. Then he looked at his wife.

"It's that rascal Jacko!" they cried both together. "Where is he?" There was no sign of him anywhere.

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Ye Shall Be Hated

19 Mais, quand on vous livrera, ne vous inquiétez ni de la manière dont vous parlerez ni de ce que vous direz: ce que vous aurez à dire vous sera donné à l'heure même;

20 car ce n'est pas vous qui parlerez, c'est l'esprit de votre Père qui parlera en vous.

21 Le frère livrera son frère à la mort, et le père son enfant; les enfants se souleveront contre leurs parents, et les feront mourir.

22 Vous serez haïs de tous, à cause de mon nom; mais celui qui persévéra jusqu'à la fin sera sauvé. Saint Matthew 10

Notes and Queries

What does Ph.D. mean? Doctor of Philosophy.

What does De Omnibus Rebus mean? On everything, and is a phrase used to describe a treatise on all kinds of matters.

What is the Vulgate? A translation of the Bible into Latin, the vulgar, or common, tongue of Rome in the fourth century.

What were the Hanse Towns? Certain German towns linked together in the 13th century and afterwards for mutual protection against pirates and other oppressors. At one time there were 85, the chief being Bremen, Lubeck, Hamburg. The League was called the Hanseatic League.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Bird Cage

OLD Biddy O'Rorke, who lived in the very last house in the village, was a great friend of John's.

She was an old, old woman, and ever since John could remember she had sat in the same high-backed chair by the window looking out over the village in her plaid shawl.

John had known Biddy all his life. Biddy had nursed his Mummy and taken care of her when she was very little older than John himself.

And now that she was very old and poor Mummy saw that she had all the little comforts that old women love.

And John used to take them to her—a basket of eggs, or a roll of butter, or a little dinner cooked and ready to be eaten.

But the present she loved most of all was a canary that Daddy had given her. She said its song kept her cheery.

One day a terrible thing happened.

While Biddy was out of the room John went over to talk to the canary. He touched the cage, and somehow his hand fell against the catch. The door swung back, and out popped the bird!

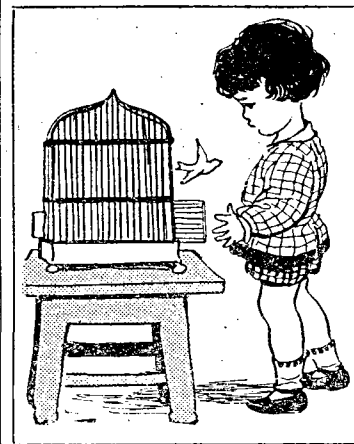
The window was open, and away it flew.

"Oh dear!" cried John.

"What shall I do? What will Biddy say?"

He dared not try to think. He opened the door quietly, slipped out, and ran home.

The tears came into John's eyes as he told the tale; but with Daddy's hand in his he



Out popped the bird

felt much braver as they went back to the cottage together.

Old Biddy was in a terrible state of excitement. She was so excited that she jumbled up her words and they could hardly understand her. But she wound up by saying:

"And to think of it! The cage empty. And the door open. And then, if you please, back my beauty hops into the cage, and stops there while I bolt the door!"

And so the canary wasn't lost, after all!

John was so glad that he flung his arms round Biddy's neck and hugged her.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 19, 1921

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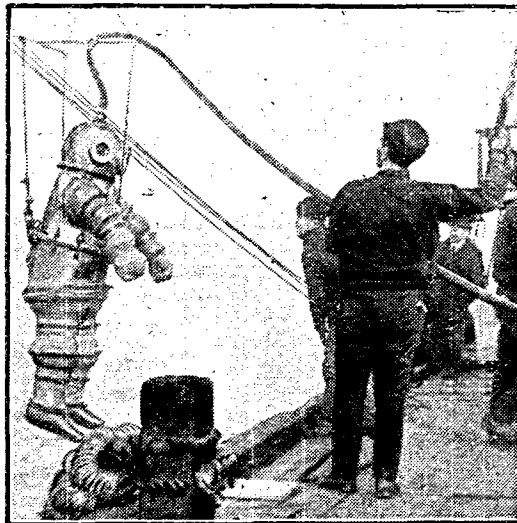
FOCH IN A BRITISH TRENCH • MONSTER AEROPLANE • 350-YEAR-OLD TURTLE



A Good Start—Oxford University athletes start off for the second heat of the hundred yard race in their recent sports



Deer Near London—This fine picture was taken in Richmond Park, and shows some of the deer which inhabit that beautiful retreat enjoying an afternoon siesta on one of the sunny days with which March opened



Testing a New Diving Suit—This diving suit, invented by an American, weighs 850lb., and will, it is claimed, enable a diver to work 700 feet under water



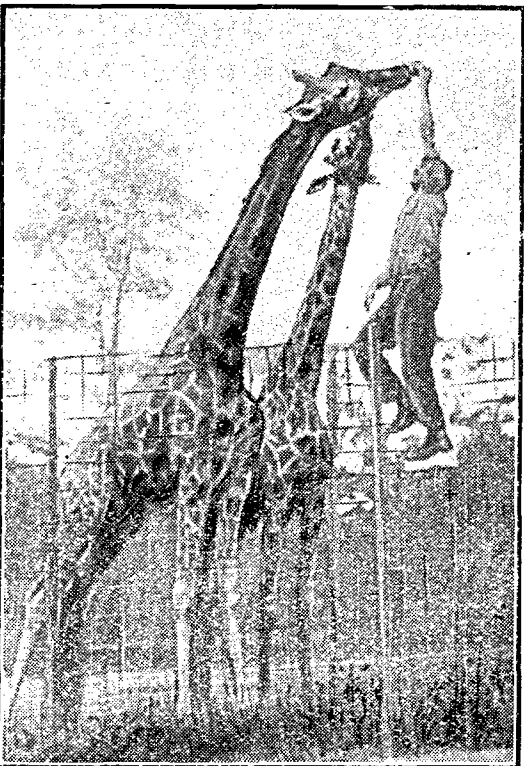
A Travelling Post Office—The street cars in some American towns have a mail box attached, so that people on the route can post their letters easily



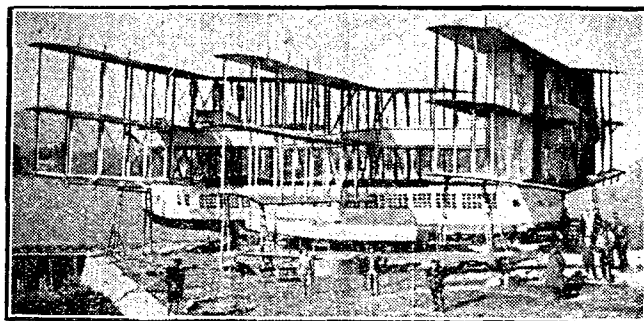
Surf-Riders of Hawaii—There is no more exhilarating sport than surf-riding on the shores at Hawaii, and this picture shows a group of American boys with their queer sea-sledges, on which they ride the waves



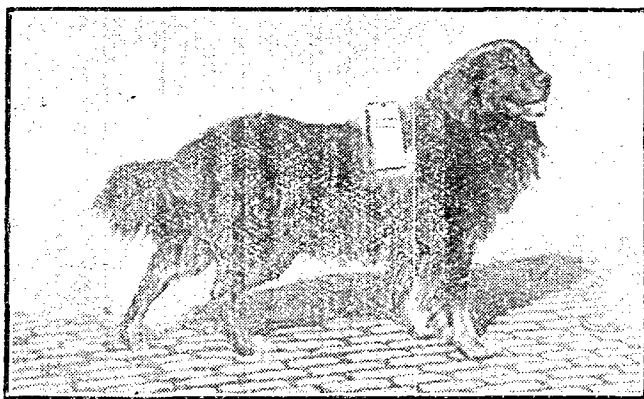
Marshal Foch Goes Over the Top—The famous French commander in the 2000-year-old trench of a British fort at Chequers, during his recent visit



Giraffe Suffers From a Stiff Neck—One of the giraffes at the New York Zoo recently had a stiff neck, and had to be fed by a man who climbed a high fence to do so



Biggest Aeroplane in the World—The new Caproni aeroplane, which has eight engines and will carry 100 passengers. See page 2



Dog Friend of the Poor—This dog, belonging to the London and North Western Railway Company, has collected over £1000 for railway charities



Alive when Queen Elizabeth Reigned—Feeding the turtle in the New York Zoo which is said to be over 350 years old